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SIXPENCE

DECEMBER 6, 1946



IN NEW YORK, FOUR FOREIGN MINISTERS met at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel on Nov. 4, 1946, for the purpose of reaching final agreement on the five peace treaties—with Italy, Rumania, Bulgaria, Hungary and Finland—which were debated by the Paris Conference (see illus. pages 303-306). In front of their national flags are (left to right) M. Couve de Murville (acting as deputy for M. Bidault, the French Foreign Minister), Mr. Bevin, Mr. Molotov and Mr. Byrnes.

Photo, Associated Press

Edited by Sir John Hammerton

NO. 248 WILL BE PUBLISHED FRIDAY, DECEMBER 20

Our Roving Camera at Military and Civil Events



BRITISH POLICE OFFICERS are training the new force that will maintain law and order in the Dodecanese. Inspector H. Mickinbotham of Birmingham, has assisted in the formation of the corps of 700 volunteers. (left)

ENGINES FOR CHINA'S railways are being exported from Britain. Above, two of them are awaiting shipment in the Royal Victoria Dock, London. A powerful searchlight is an obligatory fitting, for many Chinese railways are unfenced.



BULBS FOR MINERS have come from the Netherlands. Lord Cetrine (extreme left) accepted the first token presentation at Chislehurst, Kent. The donors are giving 500,000 tulip bulbs, worth £10,000.

NEW COLOURS were presented (right) to the 1st Battalion The Royal Norfolk Regt. on Nov. 5, 1946, by Lieut. General Sir Richard McCroery, G.O.C.-in-C., S.A.O.R., at Sinsalager, near Paderborn.



GERMAN RAIDERS seriously damaged the ancient parish church (above) of Chilvers Coten, Warwickshire, on May 16, 1941. In 1946 it was being restored with the help of German P.O.W.s, the sculpture being the work of one.

NEW PLYMOUTH, N.Z., has been presented with the century-old bell of St. Michael's Church, Devonport. The Lord Mayor of Plymouth, Mr. Isaac Foot (right), tolled the bell at the handing-over ceremony in England.



Photos, G.P.U., Fox, Keystone, P.A.-Reuter

The Daring Raid on Rommel's H.Q.

By KENNETH HARE-SCOTT

IN 1940 and 1941 the plight of the Allies precluded any major offensive in Europe and caused the world to turn its gaze upon the British Empire's struggle in the Middle East. The campaigns in North Africa—initiated by Wavell and concluded gloriously by Alexander and Montgomery—destroyed the Italian Armies and were eventually to expel the Nazis from African soil, smarting under their first major defeat of the war. The fighting lasted many months, and as many heroic deeds are recorded in the annals of the soldiers of the Western Desert. None, however, is so worthy a story of British gallantry as the raid by the men of No. 11 Scottish Commando upon the residence and Headquarters of the General Officer Commanding the German Forces in North Africa, Field-Marshal Rommel.

Late in 1941 a large-scale advance by the 8th Army was planned with the object of relieving Tobruk, then besieged for many months, and rolling back the Axis army with such heavy losses in men and material that the security of Egypt and our Mediterranean bases would be assured. At that time Colonel (later Major-General) Robert Laycock was flown out, on the instructions of the Prime Minister, to organize the Commandos; but on his arrival there remained only No. 11 Unit, commanded by Lieut.-Col. Geoffrey Keyes, son of the famous Admiral who was at that time Director of Combined Operations.

Laycock found Keyes engrossed upon a plan for raiding Rommel's Headquarters. He did not share Keyes' enthusiasm, expressing the opinion that "the chances of being evacuated after the operation were very slender, and the attack on General Rommel's house in particular appeared to be desperate in the extreme. This attack, even if initially successful, meant almost certain death for those who took part in it." But Keyes and his Commandos were not to be deterred. The elimination of Rommel might well crumple Axis resistance, and such a project 250 miles in the rear of the enemy, timed to coincide with the 8th Army's attack, was worth a gamble, however desperate the odds.

Exhausting Landings On the Beach

Accordingly, at 4 p.m. on Monday, November 10, 1941, two officers and 25 other ranks, under Keyes' command, embarked upon the submarine Torbay at Alexandria. Three days later—on the Thursday—they arrived off the selected beach and carried out a periscope reconnaissance of the surrounding area. The following day preparations were made for disembarkation, and at dusk the Torbay surfaced. The first seven rubber boats pulled away and after a few upsets soon reached the shore, where Senussi guides led the force to a cave. Owing to the increasing swell and the inexperience of some of the soldiers several of the remaining boats capsized many times.

Eventually, however, all were landed, after an exhausting experience. According to the Torbay's narrative, "Those of the crew who took part received a very severe buffeting while handling the boats alongside in the swell and nearly all of them were completely exhausted at the finish. No less splendid was the spirit of the soldiers under strange and even frightening conditions. They were quite undaunted by the setbacks experienced, and remained quietly determined to get on with the job."

During the landing the men had been soaked through, not only by their immersion in the sea but by heavy rain. A few hundred



LIEUT.-COL. GEOFFREY KEYES, V.C., M.C., left the raid on Rommel's H.Q. Warned that the attack meant almost certain death, he refused to be deterred. From the painting by Sidney Kendrick, by kind permission of Lady Keyes

yards from the beach a cave afforded good shelter, and with the aid of a fire, clothes were soon dried and spirits cheered. By 2 a.m. the landing was completed. Unfortunately, the second submarine with Col. Laycock's party had not been so successful in making the beach, and only a handful of men were landed to reinforce those from the first submarine. During the evening the men rested, dried their clothes and fed themselves while Keyes continued to supervise the landing of stores and equipment.

The morning of the 15th brought sunshine and an anxious moment. An enemy ambulance aircraft flew overhead at 800 feet, but failed to detect the party. As little more

than half the original force had been able to land the plan for the attack needed modification and, in consultation with Laycock, Keyes spent the morning doing this. In the afternoon the new plan was explained to the men, and the evening was spent in opening, repacking, and distributing ammunition, explosives, and rations. A local Arab shepherd had been enrolled as a guide to substitute for two Senussi from the Arab Battalion who had failed to land.

Inland March Over Rocky Tracks

During the latter part of the afternoon more rain had fallen and it was a damp and cheerless company of men who set off at 8 p.m. on their march into the interior. The difficulty of the conditions and the spirit of determination which prevailed are best disclosed in this personal record of Captain Robin Campbell who was at Keyes' elbow throughout the operation:

"That night we reached the top of the first escarpment (which is half a mile inland) at about 9.15 p.m., I imagine, after a fairly stiff climb, and all that night we marched inland over extremely difficult going, mostly rock-strewn sheep tracks. Our guide left us at about midnight, fearing to go any farther in our company. Geoffrey then had the difficult task of finding the way by the aid of an indifferent Italian map, his compass and an occasional sight of the stars. Just before light he led us to the top of a small hill, arranged for relays of sentries, and ordered the rest of the party to disperse among the scrub for sleep."

Drizzle and a scare ushered in the next morning. The sound of excited shouting brought a report from a Palestinian soldier, who was a member of the party, to the effect that the force was surrounded by armed Arabs. Rascally-looking Arabs brandishing short Italian rifles seemed everywhere, but they appeared neither particularly formidable nor implacably hostile, so Keyes gave the order for the chief to be brought to him for a talk. A few civilities were exchanged and, although a letter from the Chief of all the Senussi Tribes, instructing his subjects to co-operate, was unintelligible to a "Deputy Chief"



ROMMEL'S HEADQUARTERS AT SIDI RAFA was 250 miles behind the German lines. To get within striking distance the Commandos had to accomplish a three-day journey by submarine and a landing in rubber boats through a heavy swell. Where the man is standing in this photograph are the steps leading to the door by which the raiders entered. PAGE 515 War Office photograph

Great Stories of the War Retold



IN ROMMEL'S H.Q.: from the room with the open door (left) was fired the shot that killed the leader of the raiders, Lieut.-Col. Geoffrey Keyes. War Office photograph

who could not read, a promise was eventually made that at nightfall he would guide the force to a cave within a few hours' march of their objective. Meanwhile, a kid would be prepared for them to eat. Later an Arab boy, on instructions from his chief, produced cigarettes for Keyes' men; he had run off and bought these from an Italian canteen while the meal was in progress!

WHEN darkness fell the march continued, and two and a half hours later the cave which the Arab had mentioned was reached. It was roomy, dry, and—apart from an appalling smell of goats—an ideal place to spend the rest of the night. At daybreak the party moved to a small wood, and here Keyes left Campbell in charge while he went off on a final reconnaissance with the Arab guide, Sergeant Terry, and Lieutenant Cook, who was to lead the party attacking a communications pylon near Rommel's Headquarters. The result is again best described in Campbell's own words:

"Geoffrey told me that he had been able to see in the distance the escarpment, about a mile from the summit of which lay Rommel's Headquarters and that he was going to try to prevail upon the Arab to send his boy to the village of Sidi Rafa (the Italian name for which is Beda Littoria) to spy out the lie of the Headquarters building and report on the number of troops he saw there, and so on, before making his final, detailed dispositions for the attack. The boy set off after receiving careful instructions from Geoffrey, who had promised him a big reward if he brought back the desired information. This proved a brilliant move, for when the boy returned a good many hours later Geoffrey was able to draw an excellent sketch map of the house and its surroundings, enabling him to make a detailed plan of attack and to give the men a good visual notion of our objective."

A thunderstorm and heavy rain which followed turned the countryside to mud before the eyes of the party; and spirits sank at the prospect of a long, cold, wet and muddy march before reaching the starting point of a hazardous operation. The men passed the time eating, dozing, or collecting water from the dripping roof in empty bully-beef tins.

From the start the attack had been planned for midnight, November 17-18, 1941, to coincide with the launching of the big offensive in the Western Desert. In view of the state of the ground, Keyes decided to allow six hours to reach his objective. At 6 p.m. the company assembled with parade ground precision for the final stage of the operation, and at a whistle signal the march began. Rain continued and, ankle deep in mud, the men slipped and staggered through the night. Occasionally one would fall and the column would halt for his recovery. Another would lose touch with the man in front of him, and a reshuffle would mean further delay.

Grim Encounter at Close Quarters

At 10.30 p.m. the bottom of the escarpment was reached, and after a short rest the 250-foot climb of muddy turf with occasional protruding rocks was begun. A man slipped, and in striking his Tommy-gun against a rock roused a watchdog. A stream of light came from the door of a hut as it was flung open, 100 yards away. The party crouched motionless. The dog received a rebuke, and presently the door closed and the march was resumed. At the summit Cook and his party detached themselves, and those who remained, about 30, continued along a path towards Rommel's Headquarters. At this point the guides could stand the strain no longer and fell back, having been promised that their reward would be forthcoming when they linked up with the returning body at the conclusion of the operation.

At 11.30 p.m. the outbuildings were reached, and Keyes with Sergeant Terry made the final reconnaissance of the building. Again a dog proved troublesome. His furious barking brought an Italian and an Arab from a hut, and it required Campbell's best German and his Palestinian interpreter's Italian to convince them that a "German" patrol did not like being interrogated! When Keyes returned he led his men into the garden of the house and here again Campbell's own account can be taken up.

"We followed him around the building on to a gravel sweep before a flight of steps at the top of which were glass-topped doors. Geoffrey ran up the steps. He was carrying a Tommy-gun for which he needed both hands and, as far as I remember, I opened the door for him. Just inside we were confronted by a German in steel helmet and overcoat. Geoffrey at once closed with him, covering him with his Tommy-gun. The

man seized the muzzle of Geoffrey's gun and tried to wrest it from his grasp. Before I or Terry could get round behind him he retreated, still holding on to Geoffrey, to a position with his back to the wall and his either side protected by the first and second pair of doors at the entrance. Geoffrey could not draw a knife, and neither I nor Terry could get round Geoffrey as the doors were in the way, so I shot the man with my '38 revolver, which I knew would make less noise than Geoffrey's Tommy-gun. Geoffrey then gave the order to use Tommy-guns and grenades since we had to presume that my revolver shots had been heard.

"We found ourselves, when we had time to look round, in a large hall with a stone floor and stone stairway leading to the upper storeys and with a number of doors opening out of the hall. We heard a man in heavy boots clattering down the stairs, though we could not see him, or he us, as he was hidden by a right-angle turn in the stairway. As he came to the turn and his feet came in sight, Sergeant Terry fired a burst with his Tommy-gun. The man fled away upstairs. Meanwhile, Geoffrey had opened one door and we looked in and saw it was empty. Geoffrey pointed to a light shining from the crack under the next door, and then flung it open. It opened towards him, and inside were about 10 Germans in steel helmets, some sitting and some standing. Geoffrey emptied his Colt '45 automatic, and I said, 'Wait, I'll throw a grenade in.' He slammed the door shut and held it while I got the pin out of a grenade. I said, 'Right!' and Geoffrey opened the door and I threw in the grenade which I saw roll in the middle of the floor.

Died As He Was Carried Outside

"Before Geoffrey could shut the door the Germans fired. A bullet struck Geoffrey just over the heart and he fell unconscious at the feet of myself and Sergeant Terry. I shut the door and immediately afterwards the grenade burst with a shattering explosion. This was followed by complete silence, and we could see that the light in the room had gone out. I decided Geoffrey had to be moved in case there was further fighting in the building, so between us Sergeant Terry and I carried him outside and laid him on the grass verge by the side of the steps leading up to the front door. He must have died as we were carrying him outside, for when I felt his heart it had ceased to beat."

The men's spirits fell when they heard of their Colonel's death—his inspiring leadership gone. Almost immediately afterwards Campbell was shot through the leg, and subsequently taken prisoner. Terry mustered the remainder of the party and began the long march back to join Laycock on the beach.

Rommel, by chance, was away from his Headquarters that night and so eluded the fate designed for him by the courageous Commandos. At Keyes' funeral, at Sidi Rafa, Rommel made an oration and pinned his own Iron Cross on the body of the dead hero. This token of admiration for the bravery of his personal antagonist by an enemy Commander-in-Chief must be unique in the history of chivalry.

When the official account of the raid could be made known Geoffrey Keyes was awarded a posthumous Victoria Cross, on June 19, 1942. A Memorial Service held in Westminster Abbey was attended by many Commandos who had shared with him the events of that week in November 1941.



IN BENGHAZI CEMETERY, the resting-place of many others who fought and died with the valorous 8th Army, is now the grave (left foreground) of Lieut.-Col. Keyes. He was awarded the V.C. posthumously on June 19, 1942. PAGE 516 War Office photograph

Home Fleet on Its Biggest Post-War Exercises

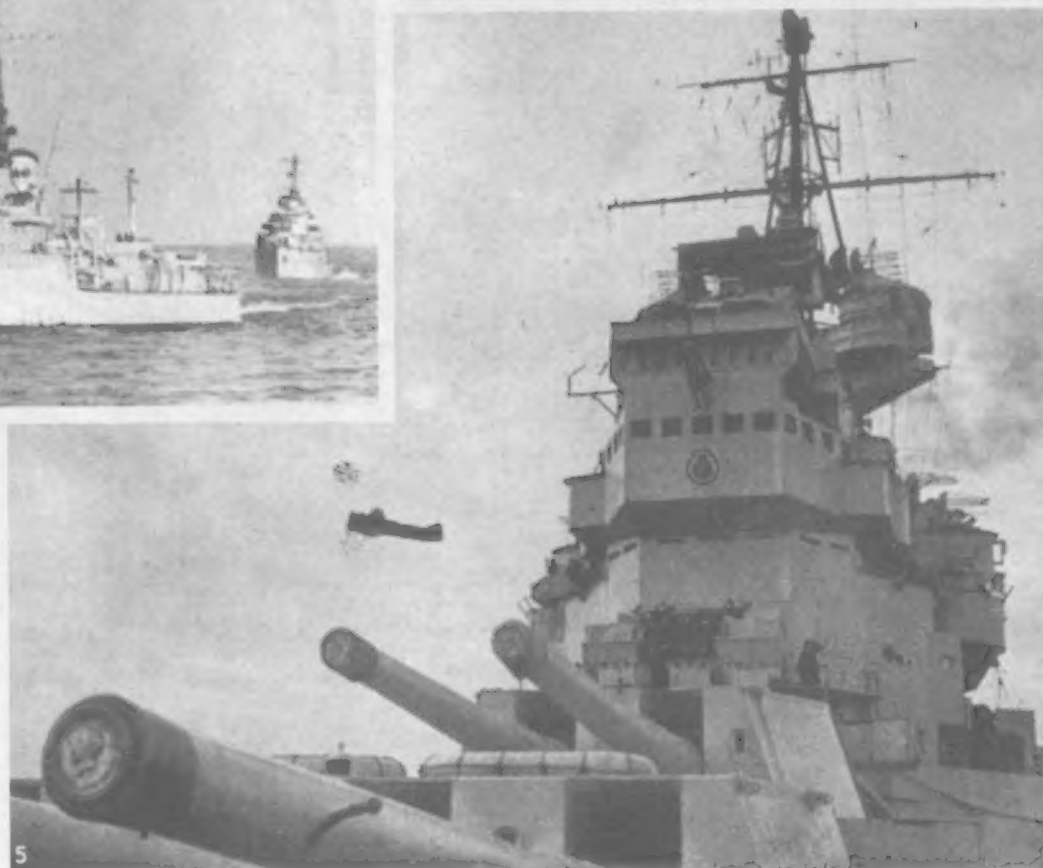


"BATTLE" THRILLS were experienced for the first time by many young members of the crews when the Home Fleet carried out its autumn exercises during October and early November 1946, off the north of Scotland, in the Irish Sea and the English Channel.

Under cover of a smoke-screen (1) laid by destroyers, torpedo attacks were made on H.M.S. King George V, flagship of Admiral Sir Neville Syfret, the C-in-C, who, in 1942, commanded the Naval Forces in the Madagascar operations (2). Light units steamed up the Channel in line ahead (3). H.M.S. St. James (4) formed part of the destroyer escort to the King George V, which Seaunters (5) attempted to bomb.

Photos, Topical, P.A.-Reuter.

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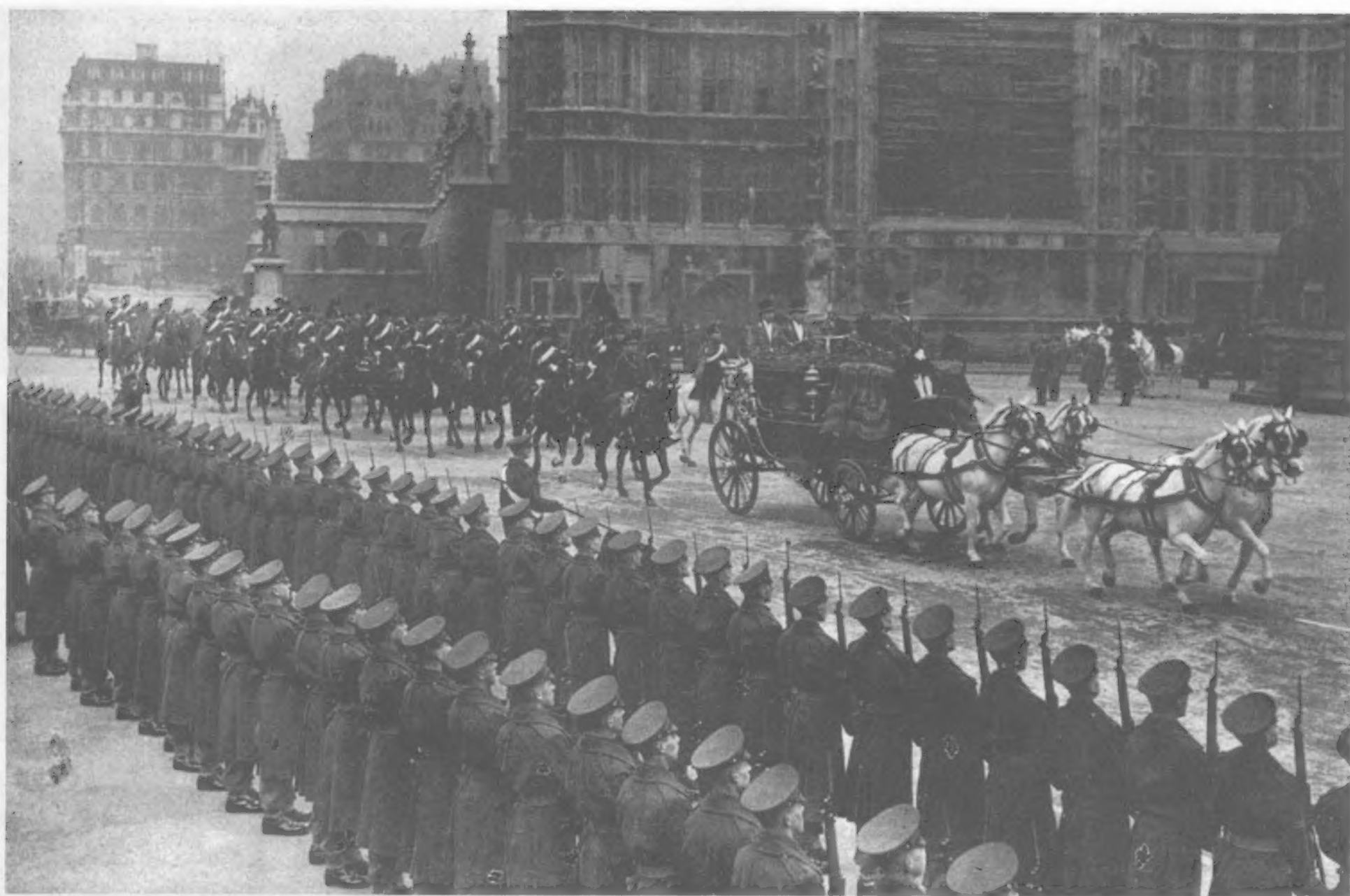




IN REMEMBRANCE OF TWO GREAT WARS, H.M. the King, representatives of the Government, the Services and the Empire, together with the people themselves, gathered in Whitehall, London (above), to pay homage to the dead on Remembrance Day, Nov. 10, 1946. Just before the Silence the King stepped towards the Cenotaph and pulled a cord (right), so drawing apart shutters which had concealed the new inscriptions—"1939" and "1945" (left). The Last Post was sounded by R.A.F. trumpeters, and Royal Marines followed with the Reveille. After the King had laid his wreath of Flanders poppies, Princess Elizabeth placed hers at the base of the Cenotaph. The massed bands of the Brigade of Guards accompanied the singing, led by the choir of the Chapel Royal.

Photos, P.A.-Rower, Fox



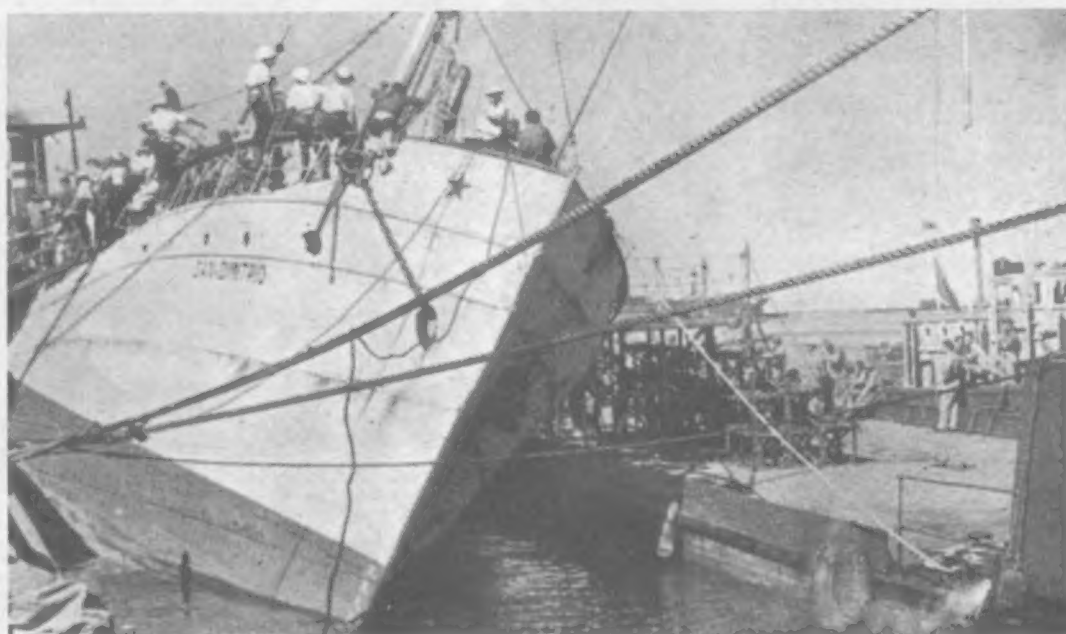


PAGEENTRY AT THE STATE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT ON NOV. 12, 1946, was still somewhat dimmed by austerity. H.M. the King, in the uniform of Admiral of the Fleet, and H.M. the Queen, rode in the Irish State coach drawn by four Windsor Greys and accompanied by a Captain's Escort of the Household Cavalry. Troops of the Brigade of Guards lined the route, together with many regular and special constables. Unprecedented precautions were taken in view of threats made by Jewish terrorists. Among officers of State awaiting Their Majesties at the royal entrance was Field-Marshal Viscount Alanbrooke, bearing the Imperial Crown. As the King and Queen entered the Palace of Westminster the Union Jack on the Victoria Tower was lowered and the Royal Standard hoisted, and a salute of 41 guns fired in St. James's Park. *Photo, P.A.-Reuter*

In Palestine Where Peace Still Stands Aloof

TO HAIFA, in November 1946, came the refugee ship *San Dimitrio*, carrying about 1,300 illegal Jewish immigrants. Under British escort, the vessel arrived with a heavy list (1) and leaking badly. When Royal Marines boarded her to inspect the passengers they met with fierce resistance. After two British Army lorries had been mined on a road outside Jerusalem the village of Givath Saul was searched for concealed arms and explosives (2). Eight Jewish leaders, released from the Latrun detention camp, returned to Jerusalem on Nov. 5; they included (3, left to right) David Maccohen, Moshe Shertok and Dr. Bernard Joseph. New Jewish settlements of prefabricated houses (4) are springing up in the desert wastes of southern Palestine. These new ventures were initiated in 1943. Palestine police (5) searched for victims after the suitcase-bomb outrage at Jerusalem station on October 30.

Photos, I.N.P., Planet News, Associated Press
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New Badges for the Army and Royal Air Force

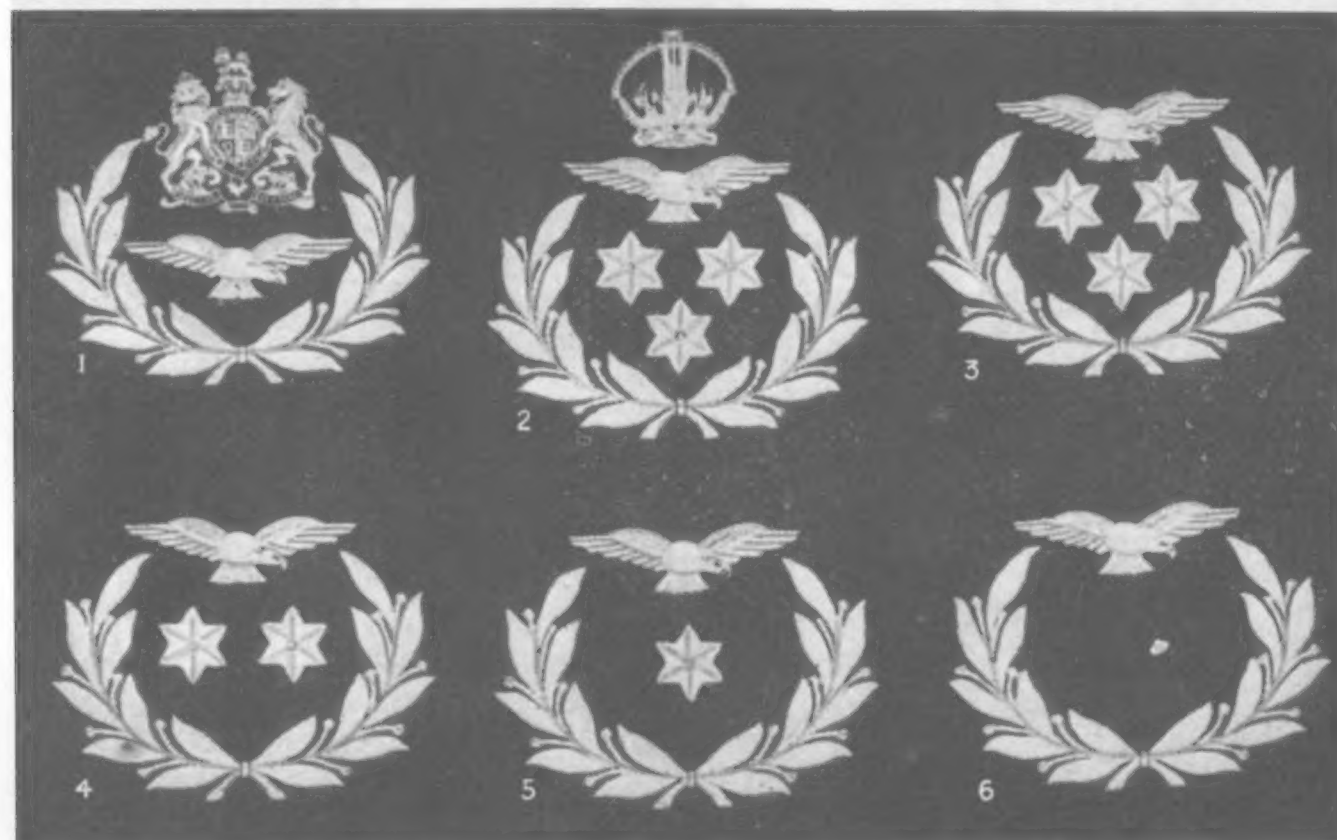


MANY NEW FLASHES appeared in the Army during the war; but the War Office waited for Peace before changing theirs. The new badge, which Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery first wore when he went to Canada in September 1946, consists of the arms of the Board of Ordnance on a red and black background. The arms date back to the 15th century and are among the oldest in War Office records. The shield has always appeared on the flag of the Army Council and forms the centre of the R.A.O.C. badge.

VIKING'S HEAD is a fitting formation sign for the East Anglian District (Eastern Command). The District, which covers the nine counties north of the Thames, adopted the Viking's head (right) in white on a red background in October 1946. It was designed by Lt.-Col. W. S. Shepherd, who formerly commanded 15 Infantry Training Centre at Colchester. The new sign will be worn by all ranks within the district. The sign of the Eastern Command as a whole, is a white bulldog on a black background.



HIS MAJESTY has approved a new badge for the Royal Signals (right). It is a modification of the present design, which consists of the figure of Mercury poised on the Globe, enclosed in an oval band bearing the title of the Corps and surmounted by the Imperial Crown, but without the motto scroll. It will be the same for officers and other ranks, except that the badges of the former will be in silver, and gilt and those of the latter white metal and brass. The pattern was approved in September 1946.



NEW RANK BADGES FOR R.A.F. AIRCREW were approved by the King in September 1946, and will be worn by aircrew below commissioned rank. The basic design is the R.A.F. eagle above a laurel wreath, the ranks being denoted as follows: (1) Master Aircrew; (2) Aircrew I; (3) Aircrew II; (4) Aircrew III; (5) Aircrew IV; (6) Aircrew cadet. The badges are embroidered in light blue on a service blue background; and Master Aircrew insignia will be worn on the lower part of the sleeve, in the same position as a Warrant Officer's badge. PAGE 521 War Office and Air Ministry photographs



HIS MAJESTY'S SHIPS

H.M.S. Javelin

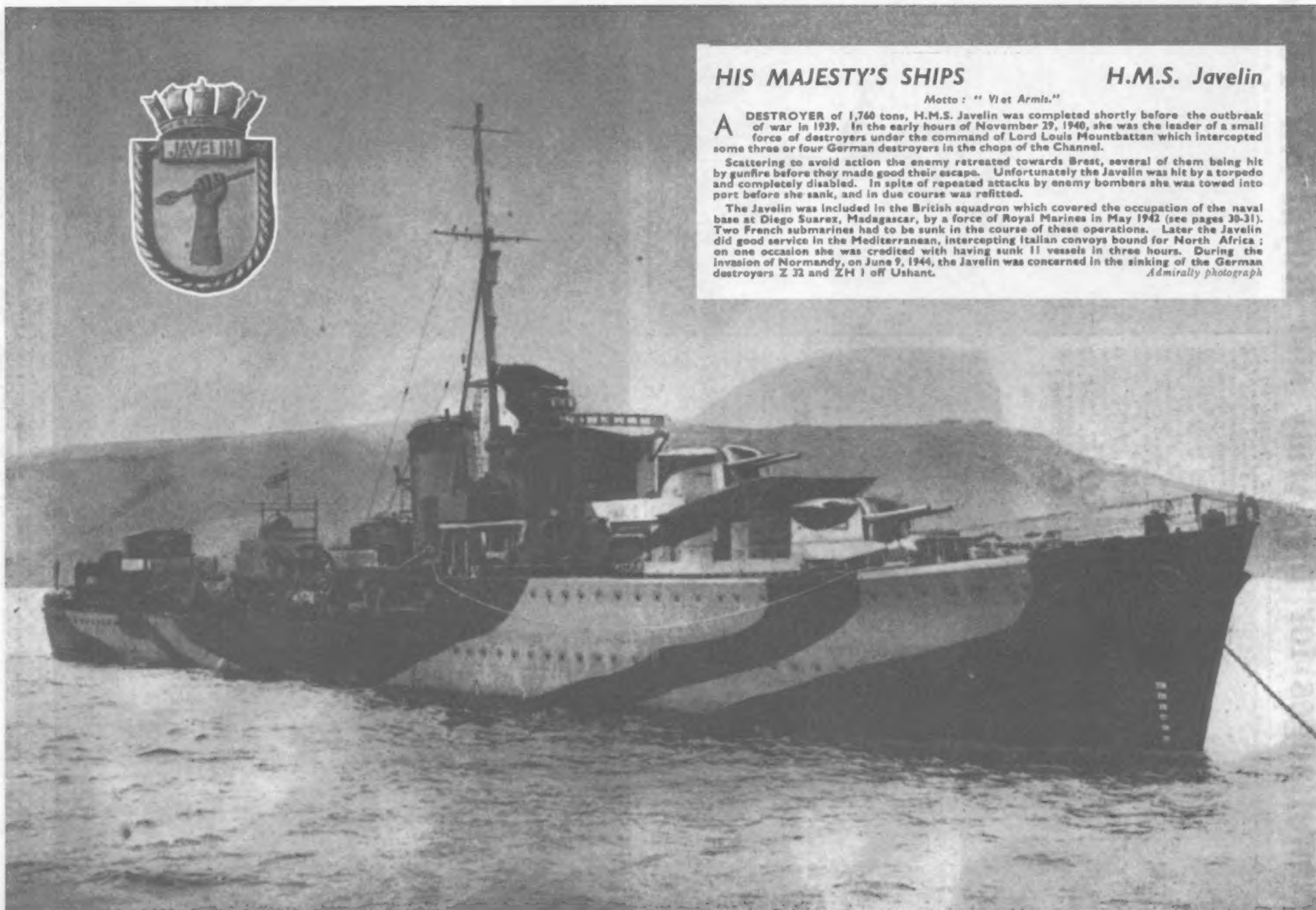
Motto : " Vlet Armis."

A DESTROYER of 1,760 tons, H.M.S. Javelin was completed shortly before the outbreak of war in 1939. In the early hours of November 29, 1940, she was the leader of a small force of destroyers under the command of Lord Louis Mountbatten which intercepted some three or four German destroyers in the chops of the Channel.

Scattering to avoid action the enemy retreated towards Brest, several of them being hit by gunfire before they made good their escape. Unfortunately the Javelin was hit by a torpedo and completely disabled. In spite of repeated attacks by enemy bombers she was towed into port before she sank, and in due course was refitted.

The Javelin was included in the British squadron which covered the occupation of the naval base at Diego Suarez, Madagascar, by a force of Royal Marines in May 1942 (see pages 30-31). Two French submarines had to be sunk in the course of these operations. Later the Javelin did good service in the Mediterranean, intercepting Italian convoys bound for North Africa ; on one occasion she was credited with having sunk 11 vessels in three hours. During the invasion of Normandy, on June 9, 1944, the Javelin was concerned in the sinking of the German destroyers Z 32 and ZH 1 off Ushant.

Admiralty photograph



Records of the Regiments: 1939-1945

ON the outbreak of war in 1939 the 1st Battalion was stationed

in India, where it stayed for over two years. A great deal of intensive training was carried out, but officers and men felt keenly a sense of frustration at being relegated to an Internal Security role, aggravated by constant news of the bombing of their homes, and a drastic process of "milking" for parachute battalions and other units which eventually reduced the strength to about 550. On Feb. 17, 1942, the Battalion embarked for Burma, arriving during the involved fighting on the Sittang River, then took part in the hard-fought battle of Pegu and in the long, weary withdrawal to Prome.

After the abortive counter-offensive on Paungde the 1st Battalion covered the withdrawal from Prome, which called for the utmost in mental and physical endurance, and on April 7 moved to Magwe, where it formed the nucleus of Magforce, an improvised independent Brigade which came under the command of the 1st Burma Division. The Battalion covered the withdrawal of this Division to the Pin Chaung and took a considerable part in the costly action of Yenangyaung, was involved in the loss and recapture of Monywa, and shared in the prolonged agony and heroism of the withdrawal into Assam. At the end of June the Battalion, now reduced to under 100 All Ranks, returned to Secunderabad to refit and absorb the large number of reinforcements awaiting it. In October it moved to Ranchi and joined the 50th Indian Tank Brigade, its role being that of Motor Battalion to the Brigade. In March 1943 the Brigade was broken up and the Battalion was selected to form part of a Long Range Penetration Brigade, to undertake operations similar to those of General Wingate's famous 77th Brigade. The 1st Battalion had been personally selected by General Sir William Slim for this role.

In the Heart of Northern Burma

The next 12 months were spent undergoing perhaps some of the toughest training any British troops were asked to carry out during the war. Such items as beds and leave were almost forgotten luxuries for this period of training in the Central Provinces of India during both the hot weather and the monsoon. On March 10, 1944, the Battalion was flown into the airstrip of Broadway, behind the Japanese lines in the heart of northern Burma. Names of the places where the 1st fought its innumerable actions are in many cases not even marked in an atlas. It took a major part in destroying Jap lines of communications in the Imphal area during the critical month of April; in the famous block known as Blackpool, established south of Mogaung in the Railway Corridor; and in the harassing tactics immediately south-west of Mogaung prior to the latter's capture by another brigade of Special Force.

CERTAIN features of this campaign are worthy of note. For five months the 1st Battalion was fed and equipped by air, the greater part of the time all supply-drops taking place by night. All casualties were evacuated by air, in most cases from strips constructed by the men themselves in clearings of no more than 300 yards in the jungle. It was controlled and directed by wireless from India. It marched well over 800 miles, each officer and man carrying, on an average, 75 lb. All sick and wounded had to be carried by stretcher, mule or horse, until it was possible to construct an airstrip from

The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles)

THE Regiment was raised from the amnestied survivors of the Cameronian Covenanters to help William of Orange against James II. Enrolled in the Regular army as the 26th Regiment of the Line, they fought in Marlborough's great battles. The 2nd Battalion (the old 90th) was raised in 1794 and fought in Egypt and at Corunna, in the Crimea took part in the assault on the Redan, and in India marched to the relief of Lucknow. In 1881 the 26th Foot was linked with the 90th Perthshire Light Infantry and the name The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) came into use. The Regiment fought in Abyssinia and Zululand and through the S. African war. The 1st and 2nd Battalions, the 5th and 6th Territorial Battalions and the Service Battalions gained considerable distinction in the First Great War.



which to evacuate them. The staple diet for the whole of this period was three "K" ration packets per day, supplemented by a luxury "drop" of bread and bully beef once every five days. Apart from the last three weeks, the whole of the period was spent behind the Japanese lines.

On July 29 the Battalion, some 115 men strong, was flown out from Burma to India, to recuperate and reform at Dehra Dun. In May 1945 it joined the 36th Division, and soon after peace was declared in September became part of the 2nd Division and embarked for occupational duties in Malaya.

The 2nd Battalion, part of the 5th (British) Infantry Division, moved to France in September 1939, wintered in Comines and moved to Hal in Belgium, on May 10, then to Fresnes, Vimy Ridge, and the Ypres-Comines Canal to fight a great battle, with its famous bayonet charge, before withdrawal to Dunkirk. June 1940 till March 1942 was spent in England and Ireland, in intensive anti-invasion training. In March 1942 the 2nd Battalion sailed for India, but on the voyage became Reserve Battalion for the Madagascar landings. Fighting was brief there, and after three weeks, harassed by malaria, it re-embarked

for India and was stationed at Ahmednagar for a time to recuperate and train. A change of plan switched the 2nd

Battalion in August 1942 to Persia where it spent a severe winter under canvas. Orders came in February 1943 to move to Syria for combined operation training. Then, with the 8th Army, it embarked at Suez on July 3 and landed in Sicily as follow-up battalion on July 10, capturing Floridia the same day. Swinging north through Augusta, Villesmundo and Lentini, it arrived at Simeto River before Catania and met the Germans in strength. A hard battle ensued; the Boche cracked and the Battalion pursued the enemy, with minor actions round Mount Etna, Sferro and Paterno, before the campaign ended on August 16.

Big Actions in Italian Campaign

In September 1943 the 2nd landed in Italy at Reggio, as an assault battalion, seizing Isernia in October. Winter was spent patrolling the snowbound Apennines, around Castiglione, until January 1944. The Battalion then moved to the 5th Army front and took part in the successful crossing of the Garigliano river, near Tufo. Embarking on March 11 for Anzio it quickly went into action, first at the celebrated "Fortress" sector. This proved the biggest action for the 2nd in the Italian campaign and a high sacrifice in lives was paid before it broke out of the beach-head, pursuing the Germans to Rome and reaching the Tiber on June 4. After refitting and training in Palestine it embarked in February 1945 for Italy, and thence, in great secrecy, to Belgium. With the Rhine forced, it followed up the German remnants to the Elbe, where at Bleckede it fought its last major battle of the war. Crossing the Elbe it went to Lubeck, accepting surrender of the German garrison there and taking proud part in the first divisional Victory Parade of the war.

The 6th (Lanarkshire) Battalion was mobilized at Hamilton on September 1, 1939, moved south to Hawick, and in April 1940 to Dorset. When the B.E.F. started to withdraw from Dunkirk the 6th received orders to the effect that the Division would move to France to reinforce the Line. On June 11 the Battalion disembarked at Brest. But France capitulated, and the 6th had to return to the U.K. as quickly as possible.



H.M. THE KING INSPECTED CAMERONIANS at Aldershot in June 1940 and spoke to many of the men, including a Company Sergeant-Major who had fought in the First Great War. The Regiment had three battalions in France in 1940, the 2nd, 6th and 7th; but only the 2nd, one of the Regular battalions, was heavily engaged.



ADVANCING IN SICILY men of the 2nd Battalion The Camerons pass through Fleri (above); and members of the Anti-Tank Company examine a Russian dual-purpose gun (left) captured from the Germans.



Re-equipped, it commenced intensive training in combined operations, mountain warfare, and as an air-transportable battalion. In September 1944 it joined the B.L.A. in Europe. From Terneuzen on the Scheldt, in its first operation against the enemy, the 6th made an assault landing on South Beveland in the early morning of September 25, and after five days of fighting the enemy withdrew from the island. The Battalion took the towns of Baarland, Sudeland and Drierwegan.

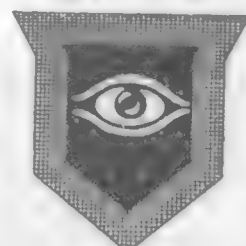
The Division's next task was to capture the island of Walcheren. The 155th Brigade had made an assault landing at Flushing, a Special Service Brigade had landed at Westkapelle, and the 157th Brigade were assaulting the causeway connecting Walcheren to South Beveland. The position was very sticky and the 6th was ordered to cross the Sloe in assault boats and attack the enemy flank. After a very hard struggle this was accomplished. After the Battalion disembarked it had to cross a mud flat three-quarters of a



CAMERONIANS IN ITALY spent much of the winter of 1943-44 patrolling the Apennines: a Bren gun team in the hills on the Sangro front. The 2nd Battalion fought their heaviest action in Italy at Anzio when they broke out of the beach-head, pursuing the Germans to Rome. It formed a part of the British 5th Division.

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War Office photograph



Colours: White eye on blue with red border

GUARDS ARMOURD DIVISION

THIS formation was composed of regiments and battalions of the Household Brigade, the Household Cavalry forming the Reconnaissance Regiment; and the badge worn by the Guards Division during the First Great War was reintroduced for use by the Armoured Division in the Second Great War. The Division was formed in September 1941, and Major-General A. H. S. Adair, C.B., D.S.O., M.C., assumed command in the following year. There followed more than two years of continuous training at home.

It constituted part of the 21st Army Group for the invasion of Europe; with VIII Corps it landed in Normandy in June 1944, it was present at the struggle for Caen and helped to close the Falaise gap, where the bulk of the German 7th Army was destroyed. After leading the thrust of the British 2nd Army to seize the Seine crossings, the Division, now with XXX Corps, captured Arras on Sept. 1, and on Sept. 3 it liberated Brussels.

LATER in the same month it made a dash across the Netherlands to Nijmegen to secure the bridge already seized by American airborne forces, and made a desperate attempt to break through to the British 1st Airborne Division at Arnhem. In February and March 1945 the Division took part in the operations which cleared the area between the Meuse and the Rhine.

Crossing the Rhine under the command of XII Corps, it fought its way across Germany to Bremen and Cuxhaven, receiving the surrender of the latter port shortly before May 8. On June 10, 1945, the Division was converted into an infantry formation and redesignated the Guards Division, forming part of the British Army of the Rhine. On July 28, 1945 the Burgomaster of Brussels presented the Division with plaques and standards recording the citizens' gratitude for their liberation.

mile wide before coming to grips with the enemy—a most treacherous journey, for at no time was the mud and slime less than three feet deep.

After the battle of Walcheren the 6th enjoyed a well-earned rest in the Goes area and later near Hertogenbosch; then, on December 6 it took over part of the line at Hoschrid Wood, Geilenkirchen. This area was to become its home for a month. It was a desperate place, with companies in tight blobs about a mile apart, with not a building in sight, and patrols had to try to contact the enemy who was sitting behind a most formidable minefield. The next operation was "Blackcock," when the Division swept the enemy from Sittard through Heinsberg and across the Maas. The 6th were responsible for capturing Heilder, Hongden, Breberan, Nachbarhird, Busherhird, and assisted in the taking of Brunsrerk. Then came

Cameronian Battalions Thrust Through Germany



WELL-NIGH UNSEARABLE conditions—snow, a bitter wind and deep mud—were encountered by the 6th Battalion who were fighting an obstinate and skilful enemy near Havert (1) in January 1945. The white-painted, supporting Bren carriers and tanks were bogged down time and again, leaving the unfortunate infantry to slog forward alone.

On the night of April 2, 1945, the 7th Battalion crossed the River Ems to seize the town of Rheine (2), which was held against several determined counter-attacks: this Battalion was then operating with the supporting infantry of the 7th Armoured Division (the Desert Rats) thrusting towards Bremen.

On April 18, Uelzen (3), 20 miles from Lüneburg, fell to the 9th Battalion, and by now the pace of the advance was becoming so hot that small packs and all unnecessary equipment were left behind, under guard, by the assaulting troops.

War Office photograph.

Records of the Regiments: 1939—1945



PIPE BAND OF THE CAMERONIANS toured the Middle East towards the end of 1944, entertaining isolated outposts as well as large camps. Pipers and drummers had a wonderful record of service in France, Madagascar, India, Iraq, Persia, Sicily and Italy. First British battalion to reach the Tiber, Cameronians marched through Rome to the skirts of the pipes.

the battle of Alpen—last German strong-point west of the Rhine. This was a bitter struggle with high losses. C Coy was cut off and captured complete, while B Coy suffered 50 per cent casualties; but despite these severe losses the Battalion emerged from the battle with honours.

The 6th then spent about 14 days on the banks of the Rhine, mostly in reorganizing. It had a grandstand view of the actual crossing of that river by the airborne troops and the 15th (Scottish) Division. In early April it followed up the assault divisions and rapid progress was made until it reached the Dortmund-Ems canal. It was in action again here, and after crossing the canal the Battalion captured Drierwalde and assisted in taking Hopsten. Then it made long advances in motor transport and eventually reached Verden and prepared for the attack on Bremen—its last action. In a comparatively

short time the city was in the hands of the 52nd (Lowland) Division. The casualties were surprisingly low, but the enemy suffered heavily. A week later the Battalion was sent to guard a concentration camp at Sandbostel, near Bremervörde, and while so employed it received word that all German resistance in N.W. Europe had ceased.

Busy Roles of the 7th Battalion

The 7th Battalion was mobilized at the outbreak of the war with the 52nd (Lowland) Division. During winter and spring of 1939-40 it trained in Lanarkshire and the Borders. In May 1940 it crossed to France, and after a few weeks there and some fighting it was evacuated from Cherbourg in June. After returning to this country the 52nd became a mountain division, and for the next two years the 7th Battalion was trained in the Scottish Highlands for that type of warfare,

later moving to eastern England for training as airborne troops.

In the autumn of 1944 the 7th crossed to Belgium, participating in the South Beveland and Walcheren campaign, then moving to the Geilenkirchen area and holding a widely extended line on the northern edge of the German thrust in the Ardennes. Hogmanay found them facing several "Boche" attacks. On January 18, 1945, it moved to the Roer triangle, engaging in operations to crush enemy resistance west of the Roer. Next, to the River Maas, crossing at Mook and fighting in the right sector of the Reichswald Forest operation. The 7th moved then to Goch, attacked part of Alpen and occupied positions opposite Wesel, next taking part in the crossing of the Rhine and pushing through the bridge-head to relieve the 6th Air Landing Brigade. That accomplished, the Battalion advanced in support of the 7th Armoured Division.

Clearing the Bremen Dock Area

Next task of the 7th Battalion was the assault crossing of the River Ems. Here a bridge-head was quickly seized, and after bitter fighting in the streets and gardens the Battalion seized the town of Rheine and repelled several hot counter-attacks. This operation was barely completed when they were called on to force the Dortmund-Ems Canal, and after heavy losses established a bridge-head. The 7th then crossed the Weser, advanced through Baden and shared in the capture of Bremen, their last task being the clearing of the dock area, with considerable street fighting. Thereafter the Battalion remained in Bremen until after VE Day, when as a unit of the British Army of the Rhine it formed part of the garrison of Occupied Germany.

The 9th Battalion, though the youngest fighting battalion of the Regiment, was destined to suffer by far the heaviest casualties. With the famous 15th (Scottish) Division they were repeatedly in the forefront of battle. Their first action was "Scottish Corridor," followed by the Normandy slogging, where ground was held against the best German troops. The 9th led the Division in the Caumont attack, prelude to the breakthrough that formed the Falaise pocket and caused the total collapse of the Germans in Normandy.

Then came a period of pursuit, including the assault crossing of the Seine. Thereafter the battle of the canals was waged in the mud and floods of Belgium and Holland—at Avelghem, Larum, the Escaut and Wilhelmmina Canals. The Battalion cleared and captured Best, was the first unit into Tilburg, then back to repel the German thrust through the Americans round Leisel, then the Deurne Canal and Helonaveen of wicked memory, with its well-sighted Spandaus and masses of deadly shoe mines. An intensely cold and unpleasant winter was spent in static defence on the Maas, but January 1945 saw a brief respite in Tilburg.

THE 15th (Scottish) were the centre division for the assault on the Siegfried Line. The 9th Battalion penetrated the defences on the first day to a depth of 2,000 yards, taking all objectives. Most desperate fighting with fanatical paratroopers ensued in the forests towards Moyland. Spandaus and snipers were everywhere. Thick fog alternated with heavy rain, enemy shells, mortars and grenades—days and nights of heavy casualties, no sleep, and constant strain. A few weeks' respite was but prelude to the Rhine crossing, in which the 9th had its share, with four days of constant attacking on the far side. Then the drive to the Elbe started—the 9th's third assault crossing of a major river. Two days before VE Day a heavy counter-attack at dawn was successfully repelled. It proved to be the last struggle of a stricken enemy.



LAYING DOWN THEIR SWORDS, 37 Japanese officers formally surrendered at the command of Major-General C. G. G. Nicholson, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., at Johore Bahru, Malaya, on Feb. 25, 1946. The pipe and drum band of the Cameronians played the General Salute, while armoured cars covered the ranks of the defeated enemy. PAGE 526 War Office photographs



Ambush in Khyber Pass

A hostile reception was accorded Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, Vice-President of the Indian interim Government, when on Oct. 20, 1946, he visited the North-West Frontier. During a skirmish between his military escort and armed tribesmen just outside Landi Kotal in the Khyber Pass shots were fired and stones flung from the mountainside (1) and the windscreen and one side-window of his car were shattered: Nehru, who was unhurt, surveys the damage (2). On fortress-like lines, complete with observation towers, the only openings in the walls of this tribal village (3) in the Pass are slits from which rifles can be fired.

Photos, Associated Press





New Roads to Scotland's Farthest Isles—

Built early in the Second Great War to protect our naval base at Scapa Flow—anchorage in the Orkney Islands—against U-boat attacks such as that which sank H.M.S. Royal Oak (see page 281), causeways formed barriers closing the channels which also, as in the First Great War, were sealed by blockships (1). In 1943 these causeways were surfaced and a year later became the finest traffic roads in northernmost Scotland. Maintenance work in progress (2).

Exclusive to
WAR II ILLUSTRATED

— That Grew Out of Threats to Scapa Flow

With the Fleet away the Flow is strangely peaceful: below this stretch (3) lies the 29,000-ton Royal Oak. Almost as lonely appears this causeway (4), constructed like the others of concrete blocks and other material placed in position by giant cranes (5). To the islanders this one (6) meant the end of sea-trips to the mainland of Orkney, and mail services were speeded up: but now the causeways are slowly sinking and the sea may close them in the end.



... And Quiet Flows the Rhine!

Photos, Associated Press, Planet News

No shadow of the Swastika is cast on this Dutch tug (1) passing the famous Siebengebirge, range of hills south-east of Bonn, overlooking the Rhine and giving glimpses of 12th-century castles. At Remagen, French students view the collapsed Ludendorff Railway Bridge (2) which spanned the river. Navigable again is the Dortmund-Ems Canal (3), linked with the Rhine. Great river-port on the Rhine, Düsseldorf's travel office (4) is now a military information post.

Conquest of Enemy & Nature in Burma

THis campaign was never one which was easy to explain to the British public—at least, within the bounds of a popular article. The battle fronts were too scattered and difficulties of the terrain too hard to understand at long range. Names of places, too, were unfamiliar, and in many cases their geographical situation was undiscoverable on the average atlas. Even after D-Day, when public interest in the Burma war increased enormously, it is doubtful whether the intricacies of the campaign were ever fully appreciated by the large majority of people. Written by Lieut.-Colonel Frank Owen, the book under review gives a complete and at the same time human account of the struggle in South-East Asia from start to finish.

An added virtue is that it tells the story not only from the point of view of the High Command but also from the point of view of the average sailor, soldier and airman. It contains maps of great clarity, and photographs which tell more than words could hope to do of the conditions under which the campaign was fought. The early chapters give a vivid and heartbreaking picture of gallant retreat by our outnumbered and ill-equipped forces. Every improvisation was tried, but nothing could cover that crippling basic lack of supporting arms, anti-aircraft guns, transport and air power. By the spring of 1942 Burma had fallen, and the Japanese, in the full flush of their victory, had isolated China from the rest of the world by land and sea and had brought their own forces right up to the jungle and mountain barrier which divides Burma from India.

On the other side of that barrier the pitifully small Allied forces were deployed, waiting for the Japanese to consolidate and possibly to leap forward again towards Assam, the Brahmaputra Valley and Calcutta. The Japanese had 80,000 troops in Burma, but Lord Wavell, then Allied Commander-in-Chief, had to divide his own scanty defence forces between the 700-mile Burma-India frontier and strategic points along India's 4,000-mile coast-line. "These," as Colonel Owen remarks, "were lean days."

But the Japanese did not attack, and in January 1943 Wavell tried to block the easiest approach to India by pushing the Japanese back along the Arakan coast strip and beyond the port of Akyab. He had only the 14th Indian Division to do this, and it was repulsed. The venture cost 2,500 battle casualties, malaria cost infinitely more, and morale was badly shaken. Characteristically, Wavell himself took the blame and said, "I set a small part of the Army a task beyond its training and capacity."

About this time there occurred one of the few things which could then be set on the credit side of the Allied ledger—the first Wingate expedition. This, too, suffered heavy casualties, but the exploits of the Chindits behind the enemy lines captured public imagination, and the morale of the theatre was raised by proof that the British soldier was more than a match for the Japanese—even in the jungle. These two offensives—one a failure and the other of no real strategic importance—nevertheless kept the Japanese busy during 1943, and perhaps prevented an all-out thrust on India which might have been difficult to parry.

At the end of 1943 Mountbatten came to Burma. The book records that his orders were to maintain and broaden our contacts with China—in other words, to safeguard the

WITH the title *The Campaign in Burma* a book has been prepared for South-East Asia Command by the Central Office of Information and published by H.M. Stationery Office, price two shillings. It is here reviewed

By CHARLES GARDNER

air route over the Himalayas and to reopen the Burma Road. In that simple directive lies the key to the whole of the subsequent Burma war—and the book clearly develops this theme. The Stilwell campaign in the North and the Ledo-Road project can be seen as at one with Wingate's second (Airborne) expedition and the whole Northern offensive. Simultaneously the reader can see, as a coherent whole, the plan for liberating the remainder of Burma and for restoring the old Burma Road from Rangoon. Owen makes it seem as suddenly straightforward as a solved anagram. The bits of the jig-saw begin to fit—the need for a land campaign

The tangled problem of supply and transport on a front which Mountbatten himself described as, "propounding the biggest logistical nightmare of the war," is dealt with. Field-Marshal Lord Wavell in one of his works wrote, "I have soldiered for more than 42 years, and the more I have seen of war the more I realize how it all depends upon administration and transportation." In South-East Asia this all-important battle of supply rose to a peak not imagined in previous wars. The operational area of the land forces gradually expanded until it was larger than that embraced by Eisenhower's armies in the west of Europe—a fact which is not generally appreciated. The different tastes, habits and religious customs of British, Americans, Gurkhas and Indian Moslems, Hindus and Sikhs, multiplied the difficulties of the ration problem.

The nature of the country, its climate and its lack of land communications has to be seen to be believed, yet half a million Allied troops marched and fought in South-East Asia for years. The 14th Army alone required 2,000 tons of food a day, and in the later stages of the campaign nearly all this was delivered by air. None the less, certain roads had to be built, most of them on grass tracks where human foot had hardly traced its print, and eventually a local labour force of coolies was employed totalling a quarter-million men. The railway problem was almost as great, for the track originally designed to carry a few tea-plantation trains was required to move 12,000 tons a day.

All these things were done, and at the same time the great air supply organization upon which the offensive depended was built up at the coastal airports. The British, Canadian and American Dakota squadrons of Combat Cargo Task Force operated a 24-hour, seven-day week service which, at its peak, carried 90,000 tons of supplies and equipment to the army. To help them land the stuff close to the front line and to supply them with air protection, something like 200 airfields were constructed in six months. Another vitally important matter which is dealt with comprehensively is that of the battle against sickness—a battle every bit as important as that against the Japanese, as it was one which, at one stage, was inflicting far more casualties on the Allies. The success of the Burma war was, in no small measure, due to the medical victory over malaria and other jungle scourges. At one time over a quarter-million of the Allies were malaria and dysentery victims, but by 1945 the sickness rate had come down to two per thousand.

Salute for the Life-Line Men

How all this was done—supplies secured and delivered, malaria conquered and the life-line maintained is, perhaps, not so exciting as stories of actual combat and jungle exploits. But it is obvious that without the "life-line men" there would have been very little jungle exploit and certainly no victory.

Colonel Owen's book gives the back area troops their full meed of praise. In so doing he will have the approval of all ranks who served out in the Far East, for no fighting army had learnt the lesson of supply more thoroughly than the 14th. Many of its veteran troops had seen Burma fall for lack of supplies, and they knew the recapture of Rangoon was not even feasible until the "life-line men" had conquered the jungle and the mountains, the rivers and the rains, the railways and the airfields.



JEEP RAILWAYS IN BURMA are helping to solve the problem of communications. Indian engineers have constructed such a line southwards from Myitkyina, and others are being built throughout the country as quickly as possible. See also illus. page 399, Vol. 8. War Office photo

because the promised amphibious equipment was needed "elsewhere"—the decision to base this land attack on air supply because there were no roads—the Arakan coastal offensive to obtain the necessary air supply ports and the need for absolute air supremacy to make the whole idea practicable.

Not Imagined in Previous Wars

These things become clear and, with them, we are given the plain tale of the man in the jungle, how he lived and fought on the mountain sides, and in the mud, and along the great rivers. Perhaps the most graphic chapters deal with the two Japanese offensives of 1944—both designed to break through to India, both defeated after bloody and sustained fighting. The epics of Kohima and Imphal are outstanding in the Burma story, not only because of their gallantry but because they were the turning points of the struggle. On the tide of victory the 14th Army chased the defeated Japanese from the Indian borders to Rangoon, and in so doing virtually destroyed the enemy armies and air forces in South-East Asia.

Although the great planning work of Mountbatten and Slim is unfolded by inference in this story of a fabulous campaign, the heroes are not the generals: they are the little men, the rank and file who fought the battles and crossed the rivers and flew the aircraft. "It depended on the soldier and how he bore himself . . . each fighter had to conquer his own heart," says the book, and only after reading it, and especially after seeing the pictures of the campaign ground, will full realization come of what this phrase implied in Burma Victory.

Europe's Wartime Capitals in 1946

As we approached the Danish shore—on board one of the giant planes accomplishing the journey from New York in less than 24 hours—we wondered how we should find Copenhagen after so many years. There used to be no country in the world where people had developed the joy of living into so fine an art, no better place than Copenhagen for hospitality, gaiety and pleasure. Was it not to be feared that years of bitter struggle would have taken the sheen off this finest jewel of the Baltic Seas, that bombs and guns would have made havoc of Copenhagen's streets and monuments and left the people hard and bitter?

Circling over Copenhagen before landing at Kastrup airfield we found the city as beautiful as ever: lofty spires of churches, copper roofs of ancient castles, the quaint serpent spire of its Hanseatic stock exchange, the King's four palaces—all could be clearly seen. The blue waters of the Swedish straits, here and there touched with the whiteness of

COPENHAGEN

By H. R. MADOL

We soon learned, however, that Copenhagen's finest quality has suffered no harm and the virtue of its hospitality is unimpaired. Friends offered us the necessary bed-linen (the absence of any at the hotel was apparently caused by a strike of laundrymen!) and invitations were forthcoming at an overwhelming rate. The Copenhageners are as eager to hear what is happening in the world as the returning stranger is to find his bearings in their midst.

I can think of no better way of doing this than to stroll in pleasant company from Kongens Nytorv along the Stroget, Copenhagen's main thoroughfare, towards the Raadhuuspladsen, the town-hall square, past the fashion shops (as elegant as ever, in spite of the scarcity of raw materials),

In Tivoli the great gay pleasure park, we admired the "Pantomime," lively and charming, a performance unique of its kind,

with dancing and music, whilst around us crowds of young people were enjoying the attractions of a fairground—rifle-range and giant wheel, switchback and swing. The concert hall and other buildings were destroyed, together with the famous Lange Linie Pavilion of the Royal Yacht Club, when the Nazi invaders tried to frighten the Danes by counter-sabotage towards the end of the Occupation period and the resistance movement was at its height.

Flowers Where the Patriots Fell

But much has been repaired, and the sight of Tivoli with its hundreds of thousands of glowing lamps under the fine old trees is one to be remembered, though the music and gaiety did seem somewhat toned down. At the Royal Opera enormous torches adorned the roof. Young students were everywhere in evidence with their white caps; in spite of the shortage there will always be enough material for these and for the country's flag. In the morning we walked around the fish-market, one of the celebrated sights, where the stout fisher-women are as solid as ever and their wares as varied and appetizing as they used to be. And walking along the waterways we were happy to find again the charming bronze statue of the Little Mermaid, inspired by Hans Andersen's fairy tale.

Long promenades in Copenhagen streets followed; we found that the Marble Church is still one of the finest buildings of the town; Christiansborg, where Parliament is sitting, is as busy and Rosendborg and Berstorff gardens as peaceful as before the war. But here and there we see bomb-damaged houses, empty places with large, flower-crowned crosses, and remember that the Danish fight for freedom had its victims as numerous as elsewhere. Bunches of flowers mark spots on the streets where patriots were killed by the Germans. There is a big empty space where once was a school and where a great number of children were killed during a raid, when the headquarters of the Gestapo were blown up by the R.A.F.

Yes, Copenhagen has its scars of war, but it is speedily recovering. There are plenty of photos still on view in shop windows showing the city's decorations at the time of liberation, the magnificent welcome given to Field-Marshal Montgomery, the enthusiasm of the crowds surrounding King Christian at his first visit to the free Parliament. They leave in the beholder no doubt as to the Danish people's vitality, patriotism and national power of recovery.

When the first heavy German tanks arrived on Copenhagen's town-hall square, where for years summer-houses or boats were usually on show as high lottery prizes, a little Danish boy climbed up to a German soldier and asked: "How much are the tickets?" When the first heavy guns appeared in the streets, Copenhageners thought of their small, defenceless country and wondered why cannon should be used against sparrows.

But two years of German "protection" taught them that their freedom and democratic achievements were at stake and their lives in danger every day—and they reacted violently. The Copenhageners, ordinarily so peaceful, became a fighter, a saboteur, an avenger. All that happened before Freedom was regained will not soon be forgotten. But the Copenhageners cannot help looking at the pleasant side of things and—given a chance of real peace—his town will again fully reflect his frame of mind.



BROADCASTING HOUSE AND CONCERT HALL, Copenhagen, combine to form an excellent example of modern architecture. Erection work began under the German Occupation, the project being entirely Danish, though the premises were used for a time by the German-controlled Danish Radio. The building was completed in 1946. Photo, T. R. Yerbury

sails, the green parks—all were shining under the summer sun. It looked as if no shadow of the Swastika remained, as if the clouds of foreign rule had gone for ever. The white and red flag flying everywhere looked as gay as it had ever been.

Multitudes Stranded by the War

But, as we rode a little later in one of the few available taxis, we passed on the outskirts of Copenhagen a town we had never seen before—a town of drab wooden barracks, housing some of the hundreds of thousands of refugees, German and Baltic, whom the flood of war left stranded here: masses of humanity for whom the Danes (whether they want to or not) will have to care until the problem of refugees finds a world-wide settlement. It is indeed a heavy burden on the budget of a small country greatly impoverished by Nazi looting.

The elegance of the streets and squares of Copenhagen has given place to much austerity. Arriving at one of its best-known hotels you find there is no linen on the beds, no towel in the baronial bathroom, no response from the hot-water taps. And on the open-air terrace the waiters, once immaculately clad in white, have become a little shabby, and some of their once world-renowned politeness has gone. For years Denmark has had no cloth. It has no wood, no coal. It has not long woken up from the uneasy dream of war. The German nightmare has gone, but much clearance work and readjustment has yet to be done.

sit on a terrace when evening comes and the Copenhageners swarm home on bicycles from work, when the nearby Tivoli, the pleasure ground of Scandinavia, comes to life and a few neon lights appear timidly on the background of a clear night sky which at the height of summer hardly darkens in this northern country.

The fare at the famous restaurants is as rich, varied and well prepared as ever and still not quite out of reach of the purse of the man of modest means. In this home-country of dairy-butter, breakfast bacon and fresh eggs, of great culinary traditions, of Tuborg and Carlsberg beer, of some of the world's richest fishing grounds (where the finest sole and the finest lobster and, in season, the most renowned oysters abound) there is no real need to curtail the menu.

Rationing is limited to butter and bread, and a man who takes his friends to lunch at a restaurant will have to deprive his wife of some of the butter-cards otherwise used at home. The most severe shortage, as already mentioned, is that of materials of all kinds, and people have to present a really serious case of hardship before they obtain a permit to buy any articles of clothing. Prices have gone up everywhere. The cost of living is at least 50 per cent higher than in pre-war days. On the other hand, there is practically no unemployment. In any case, being predominantly an agricultural country, Denmark has never had the unemployment commonly encountered in industrial countries.

Full-Fed Now and Busy in Beautiful Copenhagen



NO SCARCITY OF WORK troubles the people of Denmark's capital, many of whom cycle (1) to and from their places of employment. And there is little curtailment of menu, only butter and bread being rationed. Numerous open-air cafés (2) are patronized. Overlooking the harbour (3) is the tower of Christiansborg Palace, now housing the Parliament and Supreme Court; the twisted spire is that of the 300-year-old Bourse. One of the celebrated sights of Copenhagen is the fish-market, where white-bonneted saleswomen (4) have great abundance to offer. See also facing page.

Photos: New York Times Photos
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How the Front Line Battle News Reached Home



FROM FOREMOST AREAS of battle to the front pages of the world's daily newspapers the news of some of the greatest fighting of the war was transmitted by mobile wireless units of Cable and Wireless, Ltd. Members of the units shared the hardships and some of the dangers of the men whose achievements they communicated to an expectant public. In North Africa, Italy and the Far East these units, moving with the British Armies, dispatched correspondents' descriptions of the fighting and provided a link between the soldier in the field and his family at Home. The first of the "Telcom" units, which were known as Blue Trains, was sent to Algiers shortly after the Allied landings in French North Africa in November 1942, and went to Italy in January 1944. Naples was its first headquarters, and after the capture of Rome it moved forward to the capital, whence it made an eventful journey of 200 miles to Forli.

DURING the closing stages of the war the unit found itself in Padua, where the members, watching a procession of tanks, guns, lorries, jeeps, and staff cars stream through the city, realized that they had outstripped the British 8th Army, which was then advancing to deliver the knock-out blow. After the surrender of the German forces in Italy "Telcom" crossed the frontier into Austria and installed themselves in Vienna, where they established direct communication with London. A small mobile unit of the type used in the field is seen at (2) with an operator transmitting a message by wireless. In the Far East another mobile wireless unit landed near Rangoon immediately prior to its liberation in May 1945, and messages were being flashed to Colombo within 2½ hours of their arrival. At Colombo an infantry landing craft was converted into a Press ship (1), which followed the British fleet to Singapore in



September 1945. The ship provided facilities for wireless telegraphy and photo-telegraphy and the staff dispatched 160,000 words of Press messages in the first few hours after their arrival; within about a week they had transmitted 500,000 words.

THE story of the Liberation of Malaya and the surrender of the Japanese forces in South-East Asia was flashed to London by high-speed automatic transmitter (3). On arriving at Singapore the officer in charge of the unit went to the Cable and Wireless office in the port, where he had been employed before the war. Here he found a Japanese colonel sitting in his chair—and who left in great haste! In addition to war correspondents' stories the Press ship dealt with thousands of free messages from liberated prisoners of war to their families at home. In 70 countries and on the High Seas a staff of 10,000 men and women of Cable and Wireless, Ltd., worked throughout the war to maintain the British and Allied lines of communication over the 355,000-mile Imperial cable and wireless network. The operators played their part in the defence of Malta and manned a score of other vital stations, such as Gibraltar, Aden and Cocos Islands. The cable ships often carried out their work in dangerous waters, cutting and diverting enemy cables and laying anti-submarine loops for the Admiralty. Cable stations were priority targets all over the world for enemy aircraft, and in the course of their duties operators were bombed, machine-gunned, shelled and torpedoed. "Time and again," says Charles Graves, telling the story of these achievements in his book *The Thin Red Lines* (Standard Art Book Co., 5s.) "the staff remained at their posts until the last minute in the best traditions of wireless operators in sinking ships."

Photos, British Official, D. J. Machie

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Our War Leaders in Peacetime

PORTAL

As chief of the wartime R.A.F., Charles Frederick Algernon Portal earned a name for determination, a quick-thinking brain and a deep interest in aviation matters. His juniors knew he had been a first-class cricketer: what they did not know was that their chief has been a student of flight ever since, as a boy of 16, at Winchester, he trained his first falcon.

He is the only top-ranking Allied war-leader to "fly hawks." Before the war, when he had time for falconry, near his Hungerford home, the 4,000-years-old sport was one of his relaxations. He is a foremost authority on this "sport of kings" and did not lose interest in it even during the war.



AT A RECEPTION held at the American Embassy in London, Viscount Portal of Hungerford is seen (1) in conversation with Lady Hartington, daughter of Mr. Joseph Kennedy, at one time U.S. ambassador to Great Britain. Lady Portal (2) presents a "Dig for Victory" trophy to the squadron-leader commanding a R.A.F. maintenance unit.



Marshal of the R.A.F. Viscount Portal of Hungerford, G.C.B., O.M., D.S.O., M.C., born at Pangbourne, Berks, in 1893, is of Huguenot stock; his ancestors are said to have crossed the Channel hidden in empty casks among a shipment of wine. A swarthy young man with the "Huguenot nose," he married Joan Margaret, the daughter of Sir Charles Glynn Welby, in 1919, and if she did not ride a motor-cycle at breakneck speed (a craze of his) she has shared his other interests, over a wide field, for 27 years.

He's Never Still for a Moment

When an undergraduate he won the 1914 Inter-Varsity Motor Cycle Hill Climb, and he took up flying because it is faster than motor-cycling. By way of contrast, three years ago he bought a camera and became so interested that he embarked upon micro-photography. Long ago Portal added fishing and sailing to his other outdoor sports, and promptly Lady Portal and the two Portal girls, Rosemary Ann, born in 1923, and Mavis Elizabeth Alouette, born in 1926, became enthusiasts. A first-class shot, fisherman and cricketer, he has also proved himself handy with a boat.

He is not a family man in the generally accepted sense of the word—a stay-at-home; but he likes to have his family with him when he goes sailing or swimming. He craves for activity: his wife declares he is never still for a moment. His recreations are not entirely restricted to outdoors. He likes reading and writing—largely on aeronautical matters and on his precious falconry. When at Winchester he contributed scholarly articles on hawking to *The Field* periodical.

On January 1, 1946, he resigned as Chief of Air Staff, and at the end of the month he was appointed head of an organization set up by the Ministry of Supply for the production of materials for atomic research.



BEFORE HIS RETIREMENT as Chief of Air Staff: Viscount Portal at his desk (3) in the Air Ministry, London. On June 26, 1946, Oxford University conferred upon him the honorary degree of D.C.L. (Doctor of Civil Law); wearing his academic robes (4) he is about to enter the Sheldonian Theatre, Oxford, for the ceremonial presentation. Photos, New York Times Photos, Air Ministry, L. ex. PAGE 535 Keystone





D.R. V. BAKER
Middlesex Regiment.
In action: Caen. 9.6.44.
Age 24. (Tottenham)

The Roll of Honour

1939-1946

No great has been the response of readers to our invitation to submit portraits for our Roll of Honour that no more can be accepted. But we have every hope of being able to publish all those so far received.

Pte. E. BARNES
P.P. Canadian L.I.
Action: S. Italy. Oct. 43.
Age 23. (Medora)



L. Sea. D. BOOTH
H.M.S. Welshman.
Action: at sea. 1.2.43.
Age 21. (Sevenoaks)



L. Sea. L. J. CLAYFIELD
Royal Navy.
Action: at sea. 7.5.40.
Age 22. (Nailsworth)



A.B.C. COE
H.M.S. Juno.
Action: Crete. 21.5.41.
Age 25. (Bishop Auckland)



Sgt. A. J. COURTMAN
Royal Norfolk Regiment.
Action: R. Orne. 8.8.44.
Age 31. (King's Lynn)



O. Sig. F. CRANAGE
Royal Navy.
Action: at sea. 26.1.45.
Age 18. (Leeds)



Sgt. H. COLLIN
Royal Air Force.
Over Germany. 21.3.45.
Age 23. (Peterborough)



L. Cpl. R. DOCHERTY
8th Bn. Royal Scots.
Action Normandy 3.7.44.
Age 22. (Tottenham)



Gnr. J. DONALDSON
Royal Artillery.
D. wds. Italy 13.9.44.
Age 25. (Preston Pans)



Gnr. G. O. DONOGHUE
Royal Navy.
Action: Atlantic. 1.3.44.
Age 18. (Pontyboal)



O. S. F. EASTON
H.M.S. Royal Oak.
A'n: Scapa Flow 14.10.39.
Age 18. (Liverpool)



A.B. R. ELDRIDGE
Royal Navy.
Action: at sea. 4.3.42.
Age 41. (Nr. Southampton)



Tpr. E. K. GILLYVRAY
4th Recce Regt. R.A.C.
Action: Arezzo 12.7.44.
Age 20. (Doncaster)



Pte. R. GOATLEY
5th Scottish Para. Regt.
Action: Italy. 13.12.43.
Age 23. (Nottingham)



Sskr. J. J. GRAINGER
Royal Navy.
Action: at sea. 24.12.41.
Age 20. (Connah's Quay)



Spr. J. R. GREEN
1st Field Pty. R.E.
D. wds. Italy. 1.6.45.
Age 35. (Newhaven)



O. S. HAIGH
H.M.S. Martin.
N. Africa landing. 10.11.42.
Age 19. (Pudsey)



Rifmn. J. W. HARRIS
London Irish Rifles.
Action: Faenza. 4.1.45.
Age 21. (Osbourneby)



L. Cpl. A. HUDSON
Royal Engineers.
Action: Malaya. 26.1.42.
Age 22. (Holywell Row)



L. Sgt. G. JONES
Royal Engineers.
Act'n: W. Europe. 25.3.45.
Age 29. (Rhyl)



L. Sig. R. W. LAMONT
Royal Navy.
Action: Red Sea. 18.3.41.
Age 20. (Ipswich)



A.B. J. LYNCH
H.M.S. Rawalpindi.
A'n: off Iceland. 23.11.39.
Age 19. (Liverpool)



L. Cpl. S. E. MADDISON
R. Inniskilling Fusiliers.
Action: Italy. 13.4.45.
Age 20. (Whitwick)



Sgt. A. J. MATTHEWS
1st Gordon Highlanders.
Action: Rhine. 23.3.45.
Age 27. (Thurleston)



Pte. J. PENTELOW
Lincolnshire Regiment.
Action: Italy. 10.11.43.
Age 24. (Spalding)



Cpl. J. W. PETERS
Welch Regiment.
Action: Holland. 1944.
Age 28. (Spalding)



Ldg. Sskr. R. A. PRATT
Royal Navy.
Action: Crete. 21.5.41.
Age 24. (Kingston, Cambs.)



Sgt. Plc. I. PRICE
Royal Air Force.
Over France. 12.7.41.
Age 24. (Penmaenmawr)



Sskr. P. R. SMITH
H.M. Submarine Porpoise.
Malacca Strait. 16.1.45.
Age 19. (Wokingham)



Tpr. M. P. STONE
1st Royal Tank Regt.
A'n: Normandy. July '44.
Age 19. (St. Erth)



Pte. W. J. SILVESTER
Oxford and Bucks L.I.
Died of wounds. 9.6.44.
Age 23. (Stoke-on-Trent)



Pte. J. I. TWISS
K.O. Scottish Borderers.
Action: Caen. 2.7.44.
Age 20. (Edinburgh)



P.O. E. J. THORNHILL
H.M.S. Prince of Wales.
Action: Malaya. 10.12.41.
Age 21. (Nottingham)



Pte. H. TONGUE
13th Bn. Parachute Regt.
Act'n: Normandy. 19.8.44.
Age 21. (Manchester)



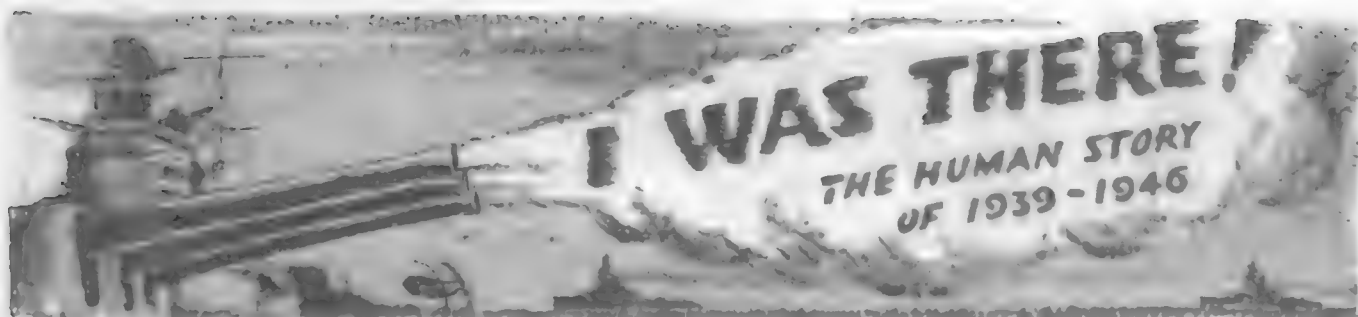
Pte. G. A. G. WILSON
East Surrey Regiment.
Action: Italy. 19.6.44.
Age 23. (Egerton)



A.C.I. W. WILSON
Royal Air Force.
Died of wounds. 17.11.41.
Age 36. (Hull)



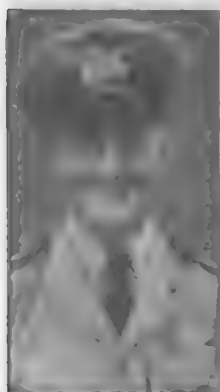
Pte. C. WHITEFIELD
Hampshire Regiment.
Action: Italy. 15.9.44.
Age 22. (Fareham)



From the Philippines to Canada

Aircraft carriers of the British Pacific Fleet, specially converted to troopships, assisted in the repatriation of P.O.W. from the Far East in the autumn of 1945. The varied interests of one such voyage in H.M.S. Glory are described by Lieutenant J. L. Wells, R.N.V.R.

I HAD been a prisoner of war myself in Germany and now, as a repatriation staff officer, I was watching over 1,000 of our Far Eastern repatriates embark aboard H.M.S. Glory (Captain A. W. Buzzard, D.S.O., O.B.E., R.N.), a light Fleet carrier of 14,000 tons which had come up from Sydney to Manila to take them one more stage on their 15,000-mile journey home. Men of all Services climbed happily aboard—



Lieutenant J. L. WELLS,
R.N.V.R.

stretchers brought others. They included Canadians; for them the journey would be shorter. That evening we sailed from the Philippines for Esquimalt, Vancouver Island, via Pearl Harbour.

It was difficult for me to imagine all the reactions which these men must have felt on boarding this ship flying the white ensign. A sailor rarely talks of his flag, but it means a great deal to him; on this occasion it must have meant as much to the passengers. I recalled my own joy of liberation in May 1945 and realized that in comparison theirs must be tenfold after the greater strain of a Japanese P.O.W. camp. I had already spoken to many of them and knew that until their arrival in Manila few had seen British uniforms, had read British magazines or had spoken to Britons from the "outside world." Their American liberators had been most hospitable to our prisoners returning; but in captivity these had been starved not only of food but of contacts with the Homeland, and a man in this frame of mind naturally looks forward eagerly to living again in a completely British atmosphere. This they found in H.M.S. Glory.

AFTER leaving Manila I was soon able to get a composite idea of all that had been done to make the voyage pleasurable. The large hangar deck, formerly the busy aircraft maintenance depot, had been cleared to provide sleeping accommodation and restaurant space for about 1,000 men. Spare propellers and fuel tanks still bore witness to its earlier activity, and now colourful Empire posters lent a bright tone. After the filthy conditions of a Japanese prison, this was real comfort. A smaller section at the after end of this deck, separated from the main accommodation by administrative offices, was the improvised hospital where four naval nursing sisters, eight British nurses and ten Australian V.A.D.s attended the patients. A dispensary, offices and feeding facilities provided the staff with all requirements.

Owing to a temporary disability I spent three days in that hospital and quickly

sensed the deep appreciation of the patients for the grand way in which these women carried out their task: untiring, working long hours, the nurses had a ready smile for all. They worked under the Senior Medical Officer of the ship, who was assisted by five other naval doctors. Conditions for the nurses were certainly not normal; the illnesses were unusual. But they remained undeterred by the crowded ward, the double-decker beds, the steady Pacific swell, and the sulphur fumes which now and again blew down from the funnel. One nurse said to me, "It's impossible for us to understand what these men have been through. We can only guess! I'm terribly glad I came."

One man died during the voyage, and was buried at sea. And despite their gay way of talking I knew the monotony which was endured below in the hospital. Three British Red Cross women did their utmost to relieve it. They seemed to be all over the ship, issuing cigarettes, clothing, sun-glasses and other aids to comfort. Naturally they paid particular attention to those in bed, writing letters for them and shopping at the canteen. Service payments were made, books, jig-saw puzzles and occupational therapy material were given out.

At each end of the hangar deck, lifts, formerly used for bringing up aircraft to the flight deck, were half raised. Windscoops solved the question of ventilation. Gangways led on to these lifts and thence on to the flight deck, where we used to sit and benefit from the tropical sun. The officer passengers

were accommodated in cabins aft, made available by a reduction in Naval Air Arm personnel. Some were in operational rooms. My cabin was the Asdic office, with a bewildering array of knobs and dials. We slept in these rooms and lived in the ward-room, smoking and chatting about the last few years. I knew what an awful vacuum those years seemed in the lives of the passengers, who could scarcely credit the fact that I had been at home only two months previously. Lectures on the war and life at home co-operated with the ship's newspaper, Glory News, in making every one familiar with events, past and present.

No Lack of Helpers in the Galley

I spent part of one day watching the feeding organization up forward. Initial difficulties for the galley, involved by an increase of 800 men, were solved by the peacetime experience of one of the ship's officers. The familiar prisoners' cry of "Big cats!" came true in this cafeteria restaurant. Strangely enough, they preferred their own aluminium utensils to the crockery put on board for their use.

I watched them all cheerfully helping the galley staff. They were as willing here as elsewhere, for the reduced ship's company could not do everything.

Passengers paraded each morning at 9.30, and each day the parade became smarter as a result of the struggle to regain self-respect—a struggle made more difficult by their not having their own Service uniforms. They had watched the Royal Marines drilling, they had seen the ship's company at Sunday divisions, we had all sensed the thrill of entering Pearl Harbour in true naval style, paraded and with band playing; but I realized how difficult it was to be enthusiastic about mass organizations when all that they wanted was to become individuals again.



BOARDING H.M.S. GLORY AT MANILA, men of all Services saw the White Ensign for the first time after years in Jap camps. This was one stage in the long journey home, with—for those needing it—skilled attention by British and Australian nursing sisters. Normally the Glory carried 39 to 44 aircraft. See illus. page 327, Vol. 9.

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I Was There!



THE HANGAR DECK OF H.M.S. GLORY provided most of the sleeping accommodation (1) for the 1,000 repatriates, and the lift well (2) made an excellent stage. Those suffering from the effects of semi-starvation were cared for in the ship's hospital (3).



The bridge was a grand point of vantage for me to view the sporting activities on board, and I was amazed at the vigour displayed and the determination shown to get fit before arriving home. A wide choice lay open to the passengers: I watched them engaged in musical P.T., boxing, deck tennis, deck hockey, and various kinds of shooting.

We berthed at Pearl Harbour on October 20. The stay was of short duration, and liberty was confined to the dockyard. But the view of the beautiful countryside, the joy of seeing a fully-lit town again, and the great attraction of a Hula dance on the flight deck all added to the pleasure of the call at this big American naval base. A wooden stage was erected, and early that evening we watched a genuine Hula production, with grass skirts, garlands of flowers and all the mysteries of this exotic dance.

Consolation for Ship's Company

Many were the interests of this peaceful voyage. The dentist was responsible for 206 stoppings, 90 extractions, 12 scalings and one fractured jaw reduced and immobilized. The officer responsible for the laundry might have been called the "Laundry Lieutenant," but he happened to be a peer, so we called him the "Dhobi Duke." It was strange to realize it was only three months since this ship was ploughing the ocean with the intention of war in the Pacific. Men who had been keeping watch on the bridge, searching the seas for enemy ships, torpedo tracks and periscopes, or scanning the sky for hostile aircraft, were now bent on avoiding rain squalls so that their guests could enjoy the fresh air of the flight deck!

One of the ship's officers gave me perhaps the best description of the feelings of the ship's company. He explained how H.M.S. Glory had come out here to join the Pacific Fleet. They had worked up for war and the war had ended, leaving them feeling flat and disconsolate, though naturally not disappointed at the cessation of hostilities . . . and this repatriation trip, he said, was the finest consolation prize they could have had. The end was in sight with Esquimalt—and a presentation of three silver bugles and a mace by the Brigadier to the ship. I have rarely witnessed such hospitality or seen such ready appreciation of it.



Entertainment was an integral part of the ship's routine. The Royal Marines band played each morning, and promenade concerts were given daily on records over the ship's radio. ITMA and Tommy Trinder were popular—and I found it pleasant to sit on the flight deck in the warmth of a tropical night and listen to the Intermezzo from Cavalleria Rusticana or to Elgar's Pomp and Circumstance while a phosphorescent wake faded away into the darkness. An Epilogue closed each day.

Further activities were provided for us by tombola, and a revue staged by repatriates and starring "The Two Twits" and "The Waiter, Blondie and Blimp."

I Was There!

We Found Himmler's Buried Secrets

Even in death the Gestapo chief defied the victors to recover his most precious secrets. A slip, and the search party, a Czechoslovakian mountain and the narrator of this story, L. S. B. Shapiro, European Correspondent of Maclean's Magazine, would have been blown to bits.

THERE were thirteen of us. Leroy, the diminutive southern private who drove the command car which led our little convoy through snow-covered Czech mountain passes, didn't like it—not one bit. He kept mumbling: "Hot dam—thirteen—'tain't good." I smiled uneasily at his superstition and looked for reassurance in the faces of my companions in the command car. Lieut. S. of the French Army's *Deuxième Bureau* looked ominously serious. Lieut. O. of the American Army Intelligence shrugged his shoulders and continued to pore over maps of southern Bohemia.

Yes, there were thirteen of us. I figured it again as we lurched and skidded over frozen roads. With Lieut. Wayne Leeman, St. Louis, a Signal Corps photographer, there were five of us in the command car. Two trucks and an air-compressor vehicle behind us each had a driver. That made eight. In the engineer carrier, which brought up the rear of the convoy, there were three engineers—Capt. Stephen Richards of Decatur, Georgia; Sgt. Taylor Fulton of Kenosha, Wis., and Sgt. Philip Urquhart of Chicago. That made eleven, and in the cab of one of the trucks there were two more—Sgt. Vital of the French Army, guarding his prisoner, former S.S. Sgt. Gunther Achenbach, a tall, handsome, sad-eyed Nazi. On a deserted stretch of road the convoy halted and Capt. Richards summoned us into a huddle.

"I can't tell you what this is all about, men," he said quietly. "All I can say is that it's a secret mission and it may be dangerous. Don't talk to anyone, do what you're told and we'll come out of it O.K. We'll be stopping in Prague tonight, and tomorrow morning we'll tackle the job."

All Concerned Sworn to Secrecy

It was February 10, 1946—a curious time, I thought, to be going on dangerous missions. The war had been over nine months and Czechoslovakia was an eminently friendly country. But was the war really over? No—not quite. We were still struggling to win the peace. In the Security Council of the U.N.O. men were debating ways of peace with fire and eloquence. In Nuremberg the Allies sat in judgement on the sins of the Nazis. This, too, was an integral part of the struggle for peace: if light were shed on the horrible past we might be able to see ways of wisdom for the future.

Our little band was on a mission to shed light on the past. Somewhere in the wild Czech hills Heinrich Himmler, the Gestapo chief, had buried his most precious secrets—buried them so deep and protected them so lavishly that even in death he defied the victors to recover them and come away alive. Our job was to dig them out. The key lay in the hands of a S.S. prisoner whom none of us could trust.

As the convoy got under way again I climbed into the cab with Achenbach and heard from his lips the story that had dispatched us on this mysterious journey. In early April 1945 Hitler's Reich was crumbling fast. From Stettin to the Brenner the Nazi war machine was in chaos. But there was still discipline in the ranks of the engineer regiment of Das Reich S.S. Division on duty south of Prague. Achenbach's company was ordered to find an obscure place far from the prying eyes of the Czech population and there to construct a deep shaft which could be covered over and hidden—if need be, forever. For three days and three nights work proceeded feverishly, and in the darkness of early

morning of the fourth day two S.S. trucks accompanied by a squad of Gestapo agents rolled into the area.

Thirty-two heavy cases were deposited in the shaft, each case being separately booby-trapped by Teller mines fitted with blasting caps. Then the S.S. engineers wired the entrance doors of the shaft with the most ambitious booby traps ever installed in so small an area. Fourteen hundred pounds of dynamite and half-a-ton of flame-thrower oil were attached to detonators so designed that movement of a quarter of an inch would explode and burn the contents of the shaft. Only two diagrams of the shaft were drawn. One went to *Reichsprotector* Karl Hermann Frank, the Nazi overlord in Prague, the other to Himmler himself. All the men who worked on the job were sworn to secrecy. S.S. officers guaranteed Himmler that his documents were safe forever from unauthorized eyes. Together with the remnants of his division, Achenbach fled westward from the oncoming Russians. In May 1945 General Leclerc's French Army, advancing along the line of the Swiss frontier, picked him up an exhausted straggler.

FOR months Achenbach lay in the wretched prison for S.S. officers and non-coms. near Mulhouse. The French were severe with their prisoners. Remembering vividly the millions of starving Frenchmen in German prison camps, they hewed close to the minimum laid down by the Geneva Convention. For the hated S.S. their standards of treatment fell even lower. The French programme designed to break the spirit of these die-hard Nazis fell hard on Achenbach. He was twenty-four. He felt he hadn't yet lived, and he longed desperately to return to his home in Essen. For months he held firm—and then he broke. In November he asked to speak to the camp commandant. The latter heard his story and summoned the *Deuxième Bureau*, the famed French Intelligence service. After some weeks of intense questioning, Achenbach was brought to American

Intelligence Headquarters at Frankfurt, accompanied by his guard, Sgt. Vital, and Lieut. S. of the *Deuxième Bureau*.

Final arrangements were then made to send a secret mission into Czechoslovakia. Not even the Czechs were taken into the confidence of the French and Americans. It was felt that a flick of the finger by a loose Nazi or an undiscovered Czech collaborator could destroy forever Himmler's last secrets. True, a technical violation of Czech sovereignty was involved, but diplomatic embarrassment had to be risked in order to ensure success of the mission. It was more important to bring light into the dark history of Nazi methods than to make obeisance to international protocol. Thus it was that the expedition set out from Nuremberg on February 10 with the highest degree of secrecy.

He Moved Like a Man in a Trance

Dawn was just breaking over Prague when our convoy rolled out of the sleeping city on February 11. We sped through the suburbs and along a magnificent highway hewn from the base of mountains on the west bank of the Moldau. A few farmers on the way to market eyed us curiously. Foreign military vehicles had been a strange sight in Czechoslovakia since December, when both the Russians and Americans withdrew their forces. Fifteen miles south of Prague we halted on the outskirts of a small resort town called Stechowice. Achenbach was transferred from a truck to the front seat of the command car. He was to be our guide. He bit his lips excitedly and directed the convoy across the Moldau bridge at Stechowice.

We churned along country roads for five miles, then turned off on to a muddy cowpath. Luckily snow hadn't fallen here, and our convoy could easily follow a path across the bare fields. For two miles we penetrated into the woods, our truck roaring and sputtering in heavy going. Suddenly there was no more road—only thick forest. Leaving the trucks behind in the charge of their drivers, Achenbach, Lieuts. S. and O., three engineers, Leeman and myself pushed through the woods on foot. For one hundred yards we made way through undergrowth so thick our faces and hands were scratched. Then we came upon a fast-running brook. We splashed up its bed for another fifty yards. Here Achenbach stopped and surveyed the side of the ravine



KNOWING A SLIP WOULD MEAN INSTANT DEATH, searchers probed the wild Czech hillside with mine-detecting apparatus whilst the former S.S. sergeant who had guided them to the spot looked on. The entrance of the shaft which they sought and each of the 32 heavy cases were elaborately booby-trapped

I Was There!



Motto: "Glory Is the End"

No. 43 SQUADRON

DISBANDED after the First Great War, this squadron was reformed in 1926, and at the outbreak of the Second Great War was stationed at Tangmere, Sussex. Hurricanes of No. 43 fought over the beaches at Dunkirk and destroyed 43 of the Luftwaffe during the Battle of Britain. The squadron made many moves before returning to Tangmere in June 1942, and while there it formed a part of the fighter cover during the raid on Dieppe on August 19. In the following November it accompanied the British 1st Army to French North Africa, and there the Hurricanes were replaced by Spitfires.

In June 1943 it moved to Malta, carrying out operational sweeps over southern Sicily. It covered the invasion of Sicily and the landings at Salerno and Anzio, moving to Italy and following in the wake of the U.S. 5th Army almost to Leghorn. In July 1944 the squadron was transferred to Corsica, in preparation for the invasion of southern France.

THEY harassed the retreating German armies and had advanced as far north as Lyons when they were ordered back to Italy in October. The squadron operated from Florence for some weeks, during which period it was converted to a Spitbomber unit. It gave constant close support to the 8th Army during the advance in the Po valley. Between December 1944 and March 1945 it attacked 57 gun positions and 59 railway and 11 road cuts were recorded.

No. 43 has a long history of ground-strafting behind it, because its predecessors introduced this form of aerial warfare in May 1917, when massed troops and transport were successfully attacked with machine-gun fire from the air.

rising steeply from the brook. He seemed lost. The rest of us looked at one another with doubtful eyes. It appeared impossible than an engineering operation could have taken place in this area where Nature was so completely undisturbed.

"I think it's here," Achenbach said, spreading his arms to encompass a six-foot area on the side of the ravine. He sounded far from positive. We made no move. Like a man in a trance he moved along the bed of the brook another twenty yards. Suddenly he fell on his knees in the water and turned over a large rock. "There!" he yelled excitedly. "See that mark?"

We examined the rock and found a slight mark which might have been made by a drill. Achenbach stood up straight as though on the parade ground. With his toes touching the rock he leaned forward and grasped a small fir tree apparently growing

on the side of the ravine. The tree came out of the ground, roots and all, and Achenbach held it up in triumph. "Yes! Yes!" he shouted, this time with genuine emotion. "I myself planted this tree as camouflage. Here is where we must dig." Grave doubts entered our minds as we looked upon the wild setting. There was nothing whatever here to indicate that human agencies had ever been at work.

"Please believe me!" Achenbach begged. "This is the place. It's under far—far under!" We turned to Capt. Richards, stocky twenty-three-year-old former student at Georgia Tech. As ranking engineer, he was in charge from now on. He took a quick, querulous look at Achenbach, then peeled off his coat, picked up a shovel and began to dig. At the same time his assistants, Fulton and Urquhart, rigged up mine-detecting apparatus and probed the immediate area on the hillside. Achenbach grabbed another shovel and dug feverishly. Lieuts. S. and O. joined in the work; then Leeman, then myself. In a few moments the place looked like a gold strike.

The Hand That Probed in Darkness

By noon we'd dug four feet into the side of the ravine without hitting anything but hard ground, and Richards called time for lunch. We retired to a clearing on the opposite side of the ravine to probe into our ration boxes, and we were halfway through before we noticed that Achenbach was down there alone, digging like a man possessed. Richards ordered him to stop and eat. The prisoner climbed wearily to the clearing, then sat down under a tree and fell to weeping bitterly. Prison life near Mulhouse must be tough, I thought, for any man to be anxious to be of service to his enemies.

At one-thirty Richards threw up his right hand. We all stopped digging. "I've hit something!" he yelled. Carefully he scooped away earth and slowly there came into view the entrance doors of a huge wooden shaft. For an hour we worked with extreme caution and finally we uncovered the whole of the entrance doors and a three-foot section of the roof of the shaft thrust deep into the mountainside. Achenbach was elated. But his elation turned to near panic when Richards decided to open the shaft from in front. The prisoner maintained it was impossible to move a single bolt or even a single board without blowing the whole party sky-high. He suggested that we dig a tunnel into the mountainside and open the shaft from the rear. Richards vetoed this plan on the ground that we didn't have the manpower or equipment for such an operation. We'd have to take a chance.

THE next three hours were the most tense and probably most dangerous any of us had known, even in war. A snowstorm blew up and swept along the ravine. Achenbach stood by, red-eyed and pale, as Richards, Fulton, and Urquhart probed the top of the shaft with mine detectors. The rest of us were helpless to do anything but watch.

Finally Richards made up his mind. "It's my birthday today," he said. "I've just got to be lucky." How he divined that the third board on the top of the shaft would be safe to remove I'll never know. When I asked him later he said it was part instinct, part luck and part knowledge of German booby trapping methods. In any case, he stepped up briskly, and while we watched breathlessly he wedged up the third board and made an opening just wide enough for his hand to reach into the darkness behind the entrance doors. As it turned out, the third board was the only one which could have been removed without blowing up the whole mountain.

But that was only the beginning of a perilous job. Richards now stretched,

stomach down, on top of the shaft and with a small wire-cutter in hand probed blindly behind the entrance doors. Achenbach stood by, shivering. "A quarter of an inch," he kept murmuring. "If you move one of those wires a quarter of an inch we'll all die!" For fifteen minutes Richards' hand probed with the sensitiveness of a surgeon's. It seemed an endless time before it emerged from the darkness with a length of primer cord he had cut from the inside of the door.

That was only the first piece of primer cord. For two hours Richards lay almost motionless on the shaft and produced lengths of primer cord like a magician. At last he shook the snow from his back, climbed down, and said, "I think we can winch the doors off." The engineers' truck, with a winch on the front axle, was brought to the edge of the ravine, about 150 yards above the shaft. A long winching cable was attached to the entrance doors and we all hid behind sturdy trees. Richards gave the signal to the winch operator, the machine whirled and the door came crashing off without incident. Richards had effectively cut each one of seventeen separate primer cords which had been attached to the inside of the doors.

What we saw inside the shaft was almost terrifying. Boxes of wired TNT interspersed with tins of flame-thrower oil comprised the first layer. Behind this were thirty-two huge crates, each with the Gestapo seal. Wedged between the crates were Teller mines fitted with blasting caps which would explode on the slightest pressure. It was growing dark by this time and the party retired to nearby Stechowice for the night. Early next morning we were on the job again and peril was once more with us. Each crate weighed 800 lb. and had to be removed from a constricted space without disturbing the Teller mines.

Pursued by Czech Secret Police

Achenbach forgot he was a prisoner. The Intelligence officers forgot their special privileges. Even I rolled up my sleeves, and we all plunged to work. By nightfall the job was done. All thirty-two crates were safely stowed in our trucks. Himmler's last fortress had fallen and its secrets were in our hands. But the adventure wasn't over. As we raced through the night over snowy mountain passes towards the American zone of Occupation we didn't know that Czech secret police had been on our trail. They had discovered the empty shaft and were now pursuing us. We found out only next day that Richards, Fulton and Urquhart, who'd lingered behind, had been arrested and were being held incommunicado. We learned later that a first-class diplomatic storm had developed between the United States and Czechoslovakia over our expedition.

The remaining ten of us crossed the Czech frontier into Germany at four in the morning on February 13, and later that day delivered our precious crates to the American Intelligence Headquarters. There Czech observers were invited in and Himmler's secret boxes were opened. What we found far outweighed in importance any temporary embarrassment between the governments. The full record of Nazi Germany's merciless occupation of Czechoslovakia was at last revealed. We had S.S. and Gestapo files, including all the secret orders issued by Frank and "Butcher" Heydrich.

We had the names and addresses of all Czech collaborators, including those who had paved the way for Hitler's seizure of their country. We had the inside story of German administration of the little country between 1939 and 1945. It was all there—recovered from the bowels of the earth and brought into the blinding light which not only illuminated the past but would also clarify the future. Another battle for peace had been won—over Himmler's dead body.

Cracking Himmler's Secret Cache in the Hills



AFTER 17 CORDS THAT WOULD HAVE DETONATED explosive charges had been cut by Capt. Richard, a long winching cable was attached to the shaft doors (1) to wrench them off. To the right of men removing the first of the 32 cases (2) is dynamite. Each case was examined for traps (3). See story in facing page. **PAGE 541** Photos, U.S. Army Signal Corps



I Was There!

Through Fire and Flood in Walcheren

Mrs. Margaret Haverman, her Dutch husband and two children, were in the thick of all that happened behind the shooting in Walcheren Island's bitter ordeal. She presents the scene from 1940 to 1944—when she had the honour of welcoming the liberating British troops on behalf of the Dutch. See also page 317.

THE first shock came at four o'clock in the morning of May 10, 1940, when we were aroused by the thunder of aero-engines. Herman (my husband) and I hurried to the window. In the ghostly light of many flares we could see the airfield with farm-carts, ploughs, harrows and other obstacles all over it, placed there to prevent the landing of German transports. Bombers marked with a black cross roared down from the sky. The earth erupted in flame and smoke. Shells and bullets lashed over the aerodrome and around our house. We looked mutely at each other, aware that our own little domestic world of happiness was being shattered in this new Nazi treachery.

Events moved swiftly. Next day many Dutch planes rose into the air from a cleared runway and winged across the North Sea to England. Dutch ships slipped out of harbour and sought sanctuary in British ports. French troops crossed the Scheldt in ferries and moved up through Walcheren. And within a week of that first unprovoked German attack on our pleasant island, hordes of German troops poured in from other parts of Holland. My husband spent energetic days in Flushing trying to make arrangements for getting us away. But it was hopeless. All the ships and boats had gone and we were trapped.

There was fierce fighting in some parts of the island. In dreadful apprehension we saw the French in disorderly retreat, leaving tanks, guns, equipment and hundreds of horses which they cut loose from their limbers and transports. All Holland came under German occupation. As the days went by our island was transformed into a grim fortress. The Germans constructed bunkers, emplacements and even levelled the tops of the encircling sand dunes, overlaying them with concrete for their gun batteries. The whole place bristled with guns and searchlights.

One of the first orders that the German commandant issued to all Dutch residents was for radio sets to be given up. If the Nazis caught you with a radio after that they would confiscate your house and furniture and send you to a concentration camp.

Herman and I decided to take a chance. We laid our set flat under a bedroom floor. Almost automatically this involved us in the underground movement that developed in Holland under the noses of the Nazis. Having hidden the set, we proceeded to make use of it. We listened-in regularly to



WALCHEREN ISLAND, showing the position of Koudekerke where the narrator of this story lived, and the dikes bombed by the R.A.F. before the assault on the island.

broadcasts by the B.B.C. on military and political subjects, made notes of salient points and passed them on to other residents to offset the subtle German propaganda.

Because they opposed the Nazi regime many Dutch people became fugitives, and we made ready to help anyone in danger. There were two recesses under our attic floor where we could hide fugitives before passing them on under a system designed to smuggle them out of the country. By early 1944 the Germans had erected a maze of obstructions to prevent aerial invasion by the Allies—mainly posts with barbed wire strung between and explosive mines suspended, and the sergeant in charge of their maintenance was Feldwebel Sanzenbacher, whom we came to know only too well. Until

January 1944 we were uncommonly lucky in having no German billeted on us, but then came Sanzenbacher armed with an official order that he was to have a room. The household consisted of my husband, myself, Ronnie aged five and my baby girl Rosalind not yet two years old, and we had no more association than necessary with our "guest" and kept the children away from him.

On May 20, 1944, a young Dutchman named Hillebrand, a friend of my husband, came to the house. He was a Civil Servant, a member of the underground movement, and had received warning that he was on the Germans' black list and about to be arrested. We kept him for three weeks, feeding him from our own scanty rations. The fact that various friends were frequently visiting us helped to keep from Sanzenbacher's mind any suspicion that we were sheltering a fugitive. It was still possible for us to receive the B.B.C. broadcasts on our hidden wireless set when the German was out of the house, but impossible to keep the secret from our children, and we were in dread that they might let it slip out.

Cold Terror Behind Locked Doors

However, all went well enough until a day in June, which lingers like a nightmare in my memory. Hillebrand was in the bathroom, the children playing about the house, and I was at work in the kitchen when, without ceremony, the back door was flung open and three Gestapo strode in. It was a great shock, but I managed to ask coldly what they wanted. "Where is your husband?" one demanded. I said he was at the office of the Evacuation Bureau at Middelburg, and the spokesman gave a grunt and announced that he had orders to search the house. I realized that something had occurred to make the German authorities suspicious. The "wanted" man, Hillebrand, was upstairs. Between a floor and ceiling was the hidden wireless set; there were the two secret hide-outs under the attic that obviously had been occupied, and at that moment contained enough pamphlets and other documents to seal our fate.

The Gestapo locked the doors and set about the search systematically. They pulled everything out of drawers and cupboards, and generally turned the place upside-down. From room to room they went, tapping the walls and spreading disorder, first on the ground floor and then upstairs. All the time one or another kept a close watch on me and fired questions, but I managed to avoid the many traps. I dreaded lest they should interrogate the children, but to my unbounded relief the Germans ignored them. The search occupied fully two hours of almost unendurable strain.

FOR one short period they kept me in a bedroom where they believed I could do nothing to interfere, but this happened to give me a chance. We had a next-door neighbour and friend, Mynheer Mol, who knew of Herman's connexion with the underground movement. Our friend's wife was at the back of her house and by gesticulating at the window in the direction of Middelburg I conveyed a hint she, having already glimpsed the Gestapo men, was quick to appreciate. She told her husband that something was wrong, and he set off on a bicycle intending to warn Herman.

Naturally I thought that Hillebrand would be alive to the danger and would scurry into one of the recesses: in either of the hide-outs under the attic floor he might have been safe. When these were closed there was no indication of them, and the Gestapo never discovered them nor the hidden radio set, otherwise events would have taken an even more tragic turn. And so I had no qualms when the Germans flung open the



WHEN KOUDEKERKE WAS INUNDATED water rose to three or four feet in some of the houses and numbers of the villagers were evacuated in horse-drawn boats. Their destination was Middelburg, which escaped the sea-deluge that poured in through breached dikes after R.A.F. bombings—part of the price of liberation.

I Was There!

bathroom door, but a moment later guttural voices announced the capture of the fugitive. Hillebrand had stayed there, fearful of being caught by making a move up to the attic. That brought the search to an end, and so far as myself and family were concerned it was fortunate he was found there rather than in one of the secret hide-outs where the incriminating documents were kept.

The young Dutchman was taken direct to gaol, first stage of a journey that ended with his death from malnutrition in a German concentration camp. Having got the prisoner off their hands, the three Gestapo men sped by car to the Evacuation Bureau in Middelburg where they arrived only a minute after Mynheer Mol on his bicycle, and before our neighbour could give my husband a hint of their visit to our home. Meantime, I was left with the task of putting the house straight, and worried as to what reprisals the Germans would most probably adopt toward us.

I learned later what happened at the office. My husband was quite in the dark about it all when the Gestapo came for him, and preserved our secrets in spite of being struck repeatedly in the face during a long grilling. The only definite charge they could make against him was that a Dutch fugitive had been found in the house, but they could not prove that he knew the young man was on the Germans' "wanted" list. That evening a priest who saw Herman in the Middelburg gaol smuggled out a note which informed me of his arrest. I saw and spoke to my husband when he and other prisoners were taken from the island, and for months after that I knew not where he had been taken, or whether he was alive or dead.

First Leaflets, Then the Bombs

Satisfied by the arrest of my husband and Hillebrand, the Germans allowed me to carry on unmolested with my household duties and care of the children. Worry about the fate of my man was combined with bitter hatred of Sanzenbacher, the German "guest," whom I learned had informed the Gestapo that we were anti-Nazis and had suggested the search. I did not know until long afterwards that Herman was kept at the notorious concentration camp at Amersfoort, from which many hundreds of Dutch people were sent to death or to slave labour. Three times he was led to believe he would be taken out and shot, left in suspense and then allowed to resume the usual grim camp routine.

He never was able to get news of me and the children, yet the Germans never broke his spirit. When they threw away a small radio set which they believed was beyond repair, Herman secretly put it in working order and listened-in to B.B.C. broadcasts to cheer his fellow prisoners. He risked summary execution, but was not discovered because after each secret use of the set he dismantled it and left it a seemingly useless wreck on the rubbish dump.

THRILLINGLY the tempo of the war quickened in 1944 after the D-Day invasion of Normandy. The victorious armies swept through Western Europe until Holland reverberated to the thunder of the guns. On October 3 the R.A.F. made a sweep over Walcheren and dropped leaflets warning the Dutch people. At 1 p.m. next day the bombers were over the coast dropping delayed action bombs that burst the dike near Westkapelle. The sea poured through and many Germans were killed—and many Dutch people, part of the price that had to be paid for liberation. A week later the R.A.F. came again. The



MRS. HAYERMAN AND HER CHILDREN, Ronnie and Linda, endured the German occupation of Walcheren, a rain of British bombs and shells and the floods that came. One of her anxieties was that the children might divulge their "illegal" wireless set.

island, which had become a German fortress, was not flooding fast enough. More dikes were breached. I saw bombs fall on the Nolle Dike, and later the fearful explosions that were to help lay the land in waste. From all directions the sea rushed in, sweeping over the fertile fields, through the villages and over the German bunkers and other defence works. Koudekerke was inundated. The sea surged into my house, rising three or four feet with each high tide. Sometimes I could not get downstairs, and the gas stove in the kitchen was under water. There were times when no fresh food was obtainable, and I and the two children had to stay in the upper rooms and make do with raw potatoes and carrots.

Not having seaboots or Wellingtons, I usually paddled about barelegged in the icy water when it was necessary to go outdoors to do my shopping. Very few Dutch people were left in the neighbourhood, and the Germans had abandoned their flooded defence works and were dug in on the dunes. November saw Walcheren still in the hands of Germans prepared to fight to the bitter end. On an unforgettable Sunday, two British warships cruised off the Scheldt

estuary and began shelling the island. The ordeal of fire and flood lasted intermittently from Sunday until the following Thursday morning. Time and again shells came screaming over my roof, and one house after another collapsed under direct hits.

All the windows of my house were broken by blast, the cupboard under the stairs was flooded, so that I could not put the children inside: when the guns came into action I sat with them on a ledge, and each time a shell screamed over, made them bob their heads under the stairs. Some former neighbours came from a house they occupied in a safer area and urged me to leave my home and join them, I agreed, but after making preparations I dared not venture out owing to renewed shelling. But late that night, during a lull, I piled blankets in a pram and perched Ronnie and Linda on top, well wrapped against the cold. Barefooted and wearing my long, fur coat, I set off along the road pushing the pram.

A strong tide brought the sea rushing in through the breach in the Nolle Dike, and the cold water swept round my ankles. On lower ground the sea swirled waist-high, and to the top of the pram, so that only the blankets and the children were above water. I had to get Ronnie and Linda to that distant dwelling where my Dutch friends were sheltering. There were times when I despaired. My fur coat became saturated, and its dragging weight added to my distress. Providentially, we reached our destination, and an hour or two afterwards my own house received a direct hit.

Liberation came at the end of November. Tank landing craft came through the Nolle Dike on the tide, and the Germans were cleared from the sand dunes after desperate fighting. British tanks rumbled over the island at low water, and as the only English-born woman there I welcomed the first troops on behalf of the Dutch. My husband was liberated in May 1945, and did we have a joyful reunion!

NEW FACTS AND FIGURES

THE battle for Walcheren Island, in the early days of November 1944, involving the breaching of dikes and flooding of the countryside, brought about the destruction of a million and a half trees. When, two years later, a fund was opened by the Dutch Government for the reforestation of the district (at an approximate cost of 4s. 10d. per tree), contributors included personnel of the Royal Navy, and especially the Royal Marines, who played a major part in the capture of Walcheren. See story above.

THE United Nations War Crimes Commission has issued a further progress report of war crimes trials, up to September 30, 1946. It shows that in cases tried in Europe by the United States, Britain and France, out of a total of 1,018 accused, 392 received the death penalty, 438 were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment, and 188 were acquitted. In the Far East 1,120 war criminals had been charged by the United States, Britain and Australia; of these, 326 were sentenced to death, 554 imprisoned and 240 acquitted.

IN August 1946, for the first time since the war, began the number of workers in Britain engaged on goods for the Home market was greater than in 1939—4,885,000 against 4,680,000. The corresponding figures for the export trade were 1,375,000 in 1946 as compared with an estimated 990,000 in 1939, an increase of 39 per cent.

THROUGH the agency of the German bureau of missing persons, known as the German Zonal Search Bureau, 81,000 Germans were reunited with their relatives in September 1946. The card index system of the Bureau comprises a total of four million names of missing people. Children too young to know their own names are photographed and their particulars recorded. A series of daily broadcasts giving names of children registered with the Bureau was the means of reuniting 370 children with their parents during September. It is estimated that in all four zones of Germany there are about 10 million Germans known to be searching for their relatives. Considerable progress has been made in linking up the work of the Bureau in Hamburg with other zones.

BETWEEN April and October 1946 over 7,000 civilians were interviewed, recruited and sent to Germany to replace released military personnel working with the Control Commission. These included men and women of all categories and qualifications. Many further candidates selected were still waiting in England, the chief cause of delay being difficulties arising over accommodation in the British zone. This is by far the most damaged part of Germany; at the close of hostilities it was estimated that more than half the dwellings had suffered from bombing or shell-fire; two million of the five-and-a-half million houses in the zone have been totally destroyed.

From Ceylon to Learn Our Farming Craft



BRITAIN'S FOOD-RAISING ACHIEVEMENTS DURING THE WAR have attracted Empire students to the Institute of Agriculture at Usk, in Monmouthshire, where these girls from Ceylon are gaining experience that will fit them to become instructors when they return home. Handling and maintenance of latest mechanical implements is an important part of the curriculum. Their tropical clothing, though bringing colour to British farm work, will of course give place to garments more suited to their occupation and our climate. *Photo, Fox*

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